

Bryan Morning Eagle.

Tenth Year. No 308

Bryan, Texas, Friday Morning, December 1, 1905.

Price 5 Cents

Thanksgiving Orders

WILL BE APPRECIATED

You get just what you order; no substitute. The best the market affords.

Batavia Canned Goods.	Oxford Fruit Cakes.
Albatros Flour.	Heinz's Bottled Goods.
Good Fresh Roasted Coffee.	Fresh shipment of Candy.
Plum Puddings.	Cheese Sandwiches.
Fresh shipment of Cakes and Crackers.	Celery.
All kinds of Barrel Pickles.	Cranberries.
Batavia Mince Meat.	Everything kept in an up-to-date Grocery Store.

HOWELL BROTHERS

OUR STRONG POINTS

Large Stock
Pure Drugs
Careful Service
Prompt Attention
Three Registered Pharmacists
New Goods Received Daily
Close Prices on Jobbing Orders

TELEPHONE 45-2 RINGS.

M. H. JAMES

THE LEADING DRUGGIST.

WE have a large, fresh and well assorted stock. Take no other--- there's none so good as

Miss some of the sweet things in life - but don't miss the pleasures of a box of

Stuyler's



Stuyler's



POSTOFFICE
DRUGSTORE

Lighting of Fall Fires

Frequently causes minor losses and sometimes disastrous ones. If you have no insurance, or what you have is not sufficient, get fixed before it's too late. I can serve you with little trouble and much gladness.

Nothing but Reliable and Strong Companies Represented

I am agent at Bryan for the Oliver Typewriter, the only standard visible writing machine.

GEO. A. ADAMS

Office in Parker building. Telephones 265 & 47

STRONGEST YET MADE THOUSANDS ARE FED.

Determined Effort Under Way For New Mexico and Arizona.

ENORMOUS PETITIONS

League Has Been Formed In Both of Those Territories, Delegate Rodey Being One of Its Leading Officials.

Washington, Nov. 30.—The strongest effort yet made in the direction of securing the admission of New Mexico and Arizona as a state is under way and the statehood advocates propose that nothing will be left undone that will induce favorable action by congress.

Enormous petitions will be presented in both houses with all the signatures that could be obtained. In New Mexico, the movement is under the direction of the New Mexico Non-Partisan Joint Statehood league, an organization of which former Delegate Bernard S. Rodey is secretary. This league extends to Arizona, and petitions from that territory will also be presented to congress. Mr. Rodey and other men who are not in official life will be in Washington a portion of the winter, in the interest of the statehood bill.

Senator Beveridge, chairman of the senate committee on territories will introduce and press the joint statehood bill as early as possible, in order to get it out of the way of other important legislative business. Friends of the movement express the belief that the bill which came so near being passed at the last session, providing for the admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one state, and New Mexico and Arizona as another, is very likely to receive favorable consideration early in the session.

TOLD HIS STORY.

Midshipman Meriwether Testifies Regarding Fatal Fight.

Annapolis, Md., Nov. 30.—Midshipman Meriwether told his story of the first fight between him and Midshipman James R. Branch, Jr., which was followed by the death of Branch.

After stating that he and Branch had angry words and latter threatened to report him, in speaking of the fight and the causes leading thereto, Meriwether said in substance:

"After a quarrel with Branch," said he, "Midshipman McKittrick came to my room and told me that he had been appointed Branch's second to arrange a fight. I wanted Jaegers as mine. The details were then arranged. About the twelfth round I rushed Branch and both fell through the door. The next round Branch hit me a terrific uppercut. It stunned me for some rounds. I returned to his jaw. He threw his head back and I returned, but swung my arm around his neck. We fell in that position, his head striking the floor. We lifted up. My arm could not be used for the next two rounds. My left arm was crushed in a football game about three years ago. I had a severe operation. However, I passed the physical examination the next year. The arm is still weaker than the other."

Meriwether showed a deep scar on his left arm. He said a silver plate had been put in there.

"At the end of the twenty-third round," he continued, "Mr. Branch came across the room and we both apologized and he said, 'afterwards we will be friends.' He then left and I have never seen him since. We parted as friends. I could not go to breakfast the next morning. I had to go to the hospital. An orderly came and said that there was a man unconscious in the hall. He was brought to the hospital. I waited until the operation was over that night and Dr. Ames told me that Branch was doing well."

"About 3 o'clock the next afternoon I was told by a nurse that Branch was dead. I requested an official investigation by the superintendent. I was hurt and grieved beyond expression. I think that Mr. Branch was indeed fortunate in being in his place in going to sleep and not waking up than to be in mine and having to live this life after this sad and deplorable affair."

In answer to a question Meriwether said: "If I had not resented Mr. Branch's continued actions I would be in the same position as another classmate with whom no one has anything to do. Under these circumstances I would have to resign and could never hold up my head again."

ROYALTY ROASTED.

British Princesses Jeered and Hooted by Social Democrats.

London, Nov. 30.—Egged on by the Social Democrats the unemployed mustered in strong force around the Church Army tents off the strand Wednesday and jeered and hooted the Princess Royal, Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, eldest daughter of Edward, who performed the ceremony of the opening of the tents, which were presented by the king and endowed with \$5,000 from Queen Alexandra's fund to house and feed great numbers of the unemployed who are to chop fire wood for this relief. Shouts of "religious sweaters" and "curse your charity" greeted the princesses, and the crowds became so boisterous that a large number of officers had to be summoned to disperse them.

Never Before Did Greater New York Have Such a Thanksgiving.

TURKEY BY THE TON

If Any Individuals Failed to Fare Sumptuously It Was Through No Fault of Generous Citizens of Gotham.

New York, Nov. 30.—The Thanksgiving day programme for this city was more extended than ever before. An unusually large number of religious meetings were held. There were numerous dinners where the poor could eat their fill of turkey and mince pies. The lovers of athletic sports had an opportunity to witness football games, cross country running and various other contests.

One of the largest meetings of the day was at Carnegie hall, where there was a celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settling of the Jews in the United States. Among the many speakers were former President Grover Cleveland, Governor Higgins and Bishop Coadjutor Greer.

There was no reason for any one to go hungry. The Salvation Army gave its usual dinners at many places. The sailor men were not forgotten, for the German Christian Association served out rations to 400 "salts."

Even the latest arrivals in the United States tasted of America's Thanksgiving day hospitality, for a big dinner was served at the United States immigration station at Ellis Island.

The usual turkey dinners were given to the newsboys at 7 o'clock at night. At the Ludlow street jail Sheriff Erlanger entertained the prisoners at the second Thanksgiving day dinner given by him.

Four thousand persons in this city received their dinners from the Episcopal Mission society. Five hundred bags, each containing a turkey and the conventional accompaniments, were sent out.

The ragmuffin parade of children was greater and more varied than ever before. This peculiar local custom has to a large extent heretofore been confined to the children who went begging in homemade costumes. This year dealers in masquerade costumes say they have not only sold an unusual number of children's costumes, but have sold many to "grown up," particularly in the various thickly settled German districts.

More turkeys have been sacrificed in the metropolis than ever before. In the morning 410,000 turkeys were in thousands of refrigerators. These birds weighed about 3,600,000 pounds, and all cost \$908,000,000. The turkeys came from all directions, and they sold at all sorts of prices from 16 to 30 cents a pound.

ALL WERE FED.

There Was No Necessity For a Poor Dinner at Chicago.

Chicago, Nov. 30.—If any Chicagoan failed to feel the Thanksgiving spirit, it was not because of his lack of opportunity to get into touch with one or more celebration. Churches of every denomination held special services, numerous dinners were given to those who were unable to provide their own turkey and the usual accompaniments, and in the hospitals, asylums, homes for the aged and orphans and the city and county penal institutions celebrations were held.

Jailer Whitman has made special plans for entertaining the 600 prisoners in the county jail during the day. At noon dinner of turkey and chicken was followed by a vaudeville entertainment.

At the house of correction there was no turkey, as the city could not afford to buy the fowl for the 1500 prisoners, but the inmates be cheered with an unusually elaborate dinner, including several kinds of dessert.

In the John Worthy school the 408 boys feasted on chicken, followed by an abundance of fruit and cake. At many of the orphan asylums and homes for the aged, all rules and restrictions upon the actions of the inmates in regard to their fellows were suspended for the day. In all of the hospitals Thanksgiving was observed by a special dinner to the attaches and to all the patients who were able to eat.

RAISING CHARGED.

Party Accused Says He Is Harry A. Gage of El Paso.

Baltimore, Nov. 30.—Postal Inspector Hooten arrested on the pavement of the postoffice a young man who says he is Harry A. Gage of El Paso, Tex. He is held on a charge of raising money and is believed to be wanted by the authorities in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, Louisville, Harrisburg, Washington and other cities.

JOINS IN SURVEY.

Ottawa, Nov. 30.—The dominion government has joined the Quebec government in sending a party to survey Hamilton river on the Labrador coast. This is done for the purpose of ascertaining if timber has been cut on Canadian territory under lease of the Newfoundland government.

Grand Opera House

Tuesday, Dec. 5

...THE...

DONNELLY & HATFIELD

MAGNIFICENT MINSTRELS

DIRECTION OF AL. G. FIELD.

THE SCENIC SPECTACLE. THE EVOLUTION OF MINSTRELSY

The Famous Toledos. Tuscano Brothers

Crawford & Finning Harry C. Shunk

The Darktown Circus

Superb Panorama of Events

"While Old Glory Waves"

The Best of all that is Good and Nothing too Good for our Patrons.

Stevenson Machine & Repair Works

Office and Works in the northern part of Bryan

PHONE US
WRITE US

THE FIRST PICK HOLIDAY GOODS.

To save you the rush and give you plenty of time to make your purchases, we have started our holiday goods display early.

There is no need for you to shop. You can't find Christmas goods that combine more beauty and refinement with greater every day usefulness than our selection.

You may as well come here soon and have the advantage of getting the pick of all the best, and that too, without having to elbow your way through jams of shoppers.

Our store will be crowded all day long soon. Better come early.

E. J. JENKINS

ROHDE'S

SALOON

Established 1870

the best brands of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

SILAS B. JOHNSON
PARKER RYE
MONTREAL RYE
ORIENTAL RYE

E. ROHDE

Proprietor

...LIKE THE FLOWERS OF SUMMER TIME...



superior laundry work always calls forth sincere admiration. Now that Nature dons her new dress, the time has arrived for every self-respecting gentleman to blossom out in apparel in keeping with the season. So send your nicest shirts, swellest vests and favorite collars and cuffs to the

BRYAN STEAM LAUNDRY.

We will do them up to the most marvelous system of gentility and thorough satisfaction.

THE BRYAN STEAM LAUNDRY

THANKSGIVING OBSERVED

Union Church Services Held—A Day of Rest and Recreation.

Thanksgiving was appropriately observed in this city yesterday by the closing of the schools, stores, shops and offices and general cessation from business and labor.

The most important event of the day was the annual union Thanksgiving service participated in by the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Christians and Free Baptists, and held this year in the First Baptist church. The attendance was the largest in the six years history of these annual union services, showing continued growth in the spirit of unity and in thanksgiving.

A special musical program was arranged including a magnificent anthem. The ministers present were Dr. J. D. West, Dr. Geo. B. Butler, Rev. A. M. Stewart, Rev. J. L. Crane, Rev. S. L. Morris, Rev. G. A. Foster and Rev. J. R. West, and all took part in the service. Dr. West of the Presbyterian church preached a splendid and forceful sermon, his subject being "The Duty of Thanksgiving; it's Grounds and Benefits." Text: "In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—I Thes. v, 18.

Following the sermon a collection was taken for orphanages, and divided among the several churches represented.

ELKS' MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Program of the Annual Exercises at the Opera House Sunday Afternoon.

The Bryan Lodge of Elks will hold their annual memorial exercises, to pay tribute to the memory of deceased members, Col. A. M. Rhodes, T. F. Castles, Geo. W. McMichael and Capt. Geo. W. Smith, at the opera house on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 3, at 3:30 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend.

PROGRAM.

Quartette—"I'm a Pilgrim"..... Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Boatwright, Mr. Withers, Mr. Law.
Opening Ceremonies..... Officers of the Lodge
Opening Ode..... Dr. Geo. B. Butler
Prayer..... Mr. Mayer
Violin..... Mr. Mayer
Solo—"O, Shining Light"..... Miss Marie Adams
Address..... Mrs. Webb Howell
Hon. Thos. H. Ball, of Houston
Trombone Solo..... Mrs. H. C. Collier
Solo—"There is a Green Hill".....
Address—"Eulogy in Memory of Our Departed Brothers"..... Hon. T. P. Buffington of Anderson.
Quartette—"The Star is Shining in Heaven".....
Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Boatwright, Mr. Withers, Mr. Law.
Duet—"Lead Kindly Light"..... Mrs. Howell, Miss Peale.
Closing Ceremonies..... Officers of the Lodge
Doxology..... Rev. J. Wendel Davis
Benediction.....
The officers are: W. S. Howell, district deputy grand, exalted ruler, southern jurisdiction; H. G. Rhodes, exalted ruler; F. C. Oliver, esteemed leading knight; S. H. Dunlap, esteemed loyal knight; W. J. Coulter, esteemed lecturing knight; R. T. Boyle, secretary; Ed S. Derden, treasurer; T. K. Lawrence, esquire; Geo. A. Adams, chaplain; H. C. Robinson Jr., inner guard; Ralph K. Chatham, tiler.

P. H. Love and wife and Miss Nancy Simms of Franklin, Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Collard of Wheelock, and Mrs. I. A. Gray of Troupe, Texas, were in attendance at the marriage of Mr. Thurston Cole and Miss Mamie Stuart.

JEFF DAVIS' LETTER.

Dr. Evans Offers It to Dr. Harrington of A. and M. College.

President H. H. Harrington of the A. and M. College is in receipt of a letter from Dr. W. A. Evans, professor of pathology in the Chicago Medical College, offering to give to the college library a letter written in the 70s by President Jefferson Davis. Dr. Evans was a classmate of President Harrington at the Mississippi A. and M. College, and the letter he now proposes to donate was written by ex-President Davis when the board of directors of this college offered to make him the first president of the institution. The letter is addressed to Mr. T. R. Franklin, formerly of Houston, it is believed, and gives his reasons for declining the position offered him. He speaks of a desire to buy a home in Texas and to become a citizen of the Lone Star State, but discountenances a movement begun by some of his friends to raise the money and purchase the home for him.

The letter is six pages long and is written on both sides of the paper. It has been framed in glass, however, and so can be read on both sides. President Harrington has written accepting the gift on behalf of the college.

Jews Participated.

Gainesville, Tex., Nov. 30.—Jewish citizens joined Christians in attending Thanksgiving services.

CORBETT AND HANLON.

For the Fourth Time They May Meet in the Fistic Arena.

New York, Nov. 30.—Young Corbett is said to have been offered a chance to fight Eddie Hanlon for a purse of \$3,500 in Los Angeles, by Morris Levy, the California fight promoter, and with his brother will leave in the next few days to go in training on the coast. The former light-weight champion received a telegram from Levy and immediately wired his acceptance of the offer. The date has not yet been fixed, nor has the little fighter yet decided on a place to train. Corbett says he never felt better. He has fought Hanlon three times in San Francisco. The first time the fight was declared a draw, the second time he knocked Hanlon out and the third Hanlon got the decision. "I did want to fight Abe Attell out there," he said, "but evidently they think a match with Hanlon will draw more. However, I may take on Attell." Abe Attell said he would go west to get a fight with Young Corbett.

Second Klondike.

Santiago, Chile, Nov. 30.—Great excitement prevails in the gold fields bordering on the Straits of Magellan. The territory is said to be a second Klondike.

Bonds Approved.

Austin, Nov. 30.—The attorney general approved and comptroller registered \$75,000 San Antonio Improvement district No. 8 bonds, being twenty furies bearing 5 per cent.

To Discuss Football.

Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 30.—William T. Reid, Jr., Harvard's football coach, has been summoned to the white house by President Roosevelt to talk over the football season.

TEXAS FRUITS.

Pamphlet on the Subject Will Be Issued in a Few Days.

Houston, Nov. 30.—"Texas Fruits at the World's Fair, 1904," is the title of a pamphlet by Mr. Sam H. Dixon, secretary of the Texas State Horticultural society. The book will come from the press in a few days, and will be, perhaps the most complete of its kind ever issued in Texas. It will contain the report of Sam H. Dixon, superintendent Texas horticultural exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase exposition, St. Louis, Mo., April 30-Dec. 1, 1904, and also comparative data regarding exhibits from other states, and other valuable information.

It is rich in illustration, which throw much light on the many products that are treated within its covers. The statistics are of great value, and contain facts that have not been so strongly arranged any time or any place before. The special bearing is valuable to the Texan and the prospective Texan.

RUBBER BOOTS and OVERSHOES

For Men and Boys.

Rubber Rain Coats and Hip Boots

Slicker Suits and Hunting Coats

Complete line just received for the next season. Now is the time to buy.

HUNTER & CHATHAM

Men's Furnishers

COOKED ALIVE.

Terrible Death That Engineer Brackett Was Found to Undergo.

Las Vegas, N. M., Nov. 30.—Santa Fe passenger train No. 1, westbound, went into the ditch at Romero, four miles south of this city. Engineer R. B. Brackett was burned alive by escaping steam, and died in great agony. Engineer James C. Stiel was painfully scalded. G. Smith of Bath, Me., lost part of his hand. Mail Clerk J. H. Cook of La Junta was severely injured in the back, and Conductor Schaffer was considerably battered. Several Italians were much bruised and many others received minor injuries.

The train was a double-header, and the first engine escaped. The second engine left the rails for no reason that can be explained, pounded over 200 feet of track, and pitching over the bank, rolled completely over. The express cars, a car of ice and the mail coach turned over and the forward coach was partially telescoped. The chair car and two sleeping cars left the rails.

GUPON IN HIDING.

He Says Revolutionary Leaders Are Making Mistake He Made.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 29.—Father Gopon is here in hiding. In an interview he expressed the opinion that the revolutionary leaders were making the tactical mistake which he made before January 22 of preaching an armed rebellion, a democratic republic and an immediate eight-hour day. He added that his residence abroad had opened his eyes. Time was necessary to realize the socialistic ideals.

"The peasantry," continued Father Gopon, "are not stirred to the depths of their minds. Their consciousness is growing, but they firmly cling to the idea of an emperor. The real hostility of the peasants is against the intellectuals. The workmen of the cities are aroused to a high pitch. They imagine they can immediately realize the millennium, but if the revolutionary tactics are followed, starvation will force the workmen to surrender. After tens of thousands have been thrown into the streets to starve and freeze the leaders will soon lose control of their followers, and they will join the Black Hundred and other rowdies in producing a reign of terror and anarchy. The people are dearer to me than life, but the future work of a victorious revolution demands pacification and organization for the eventual struggle."

Sentenced to Hang.

Tishomingo, I. T., Nov. 30.—In the United States court Kid Kelley, colored, was sentenced by Judge Townsend to be hanged Feb. 23. Kelley was convicted of the murder of a negro named Dillingham. The case will be appealed.

Grand Duke Resigns.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 30.—The resignation of Grand Duke Dimitri Constantinovitch, master of the imperial horse, has been accepted.

THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

BRYAN, TEXAS.

Capital	- - -	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus	- - -	10,000.00
Undivided Profits, net	- - -	30,000.00
Deposits	- - -	440,000.00

No other Bank in Texas can show as large a percentage of increase in the volume of business and in deposits as can the City National Bank of Bryan for the past three years. This Bank is managed by experienced business men. We are prepared to take care of any business entrusted to us, large or small. We thank our friends for the confidence they have placed in us in the past, and we solicit their future business. We also solicit the business of those who have never patronized this bank, promising you the very best of service and accommodations consistent with good banking.

We are not the depository for Bryan and Brazos County. We refused to pay interest on these accounts. If the City and County get interest on their deposits, why not the individual? We offer you a solid institution.

ED HALL, President. G. S. PARKER, Vice-President. A. W. WILKERSON, Cashier.

NECK BROKEN.

That Portion of Tim Sims' Anatomy Shot, and Death Instantaneous.

Lufkin, Tex., Nov. 30.—In a difficulty at this place Tim Sims was shot in the neck, breaking it. N. R. Chaney was arrested.

Little Girl Fatally Burned.

Rising Star, Tex., Nov. 30.—Cannie Gibson, three years old, was perhaps fatally burned. The little girl struck a match. Her dress caught fire and she was terribly scorched.

Organization Formed.

Waxahachie, Tex., Nov. 30.—At a meeting of Ellis county farmers here a branch of the Southern Cotton association was organized.

Want to Increase Stock.

Elmira, N. Y., Nov. 30.—New York Central railway officials wish to increase capital stock.

Wagon Demolished.

Dallas, Nov. 30.—A switch engine demolished a delivery wagon. Driver and horse escaped.

Twenty-Three Testified.

Dallas, Nov. 30.—Twenty-three witnesses testified Wednesday in the Parker murder case.

MANY DRUGS STOLEN.

Wholesale Houses Have Lost Vast Quantities Past Few Months.

New York, Nov. 30.—Drugs worth from \$25,000 to \$50,000 have been stolen from wholesale chemists in New York during the last few months according to detectives, who arrested two men on the confession of a third accusing one of having assisted in robbing a branch house here of the Mallinckrodt Chemical company of St. Louis. In court the prisoners described them as Louis Gear and Edward Smith. From Joseph Hogan a confession is alleged to have been obtained. The latter was sold as a witness. Hogan was operator of a telephone switch board in the office of the Mallinckrodt Chemical company. The others say they are drug clerks. According to the detectives Hogan is said to have declared that his friend ship for Smith induced him to enter the storeroom of the company and abstract two cases of goods, one containing cocaine and the other iodine. The plunder netted Hogan, according to his confession, \$50 and the goods were transferred by Smith to Gear for a consideration of \$80. Detectives have been after drug thieves for several months. An immense amount of stolen drug property has been disposed of, so they declare, to retail druggists.

OKLAHOMA OSTEOPATHS.

Dr. J. A. Price of Perry Was Chosen President of Association.

Ponca City, Nov. 30.—The Oklahoma Association of Osteopathy closed its annual convention here by electing the following officers for the ensuing year: Dr. J. A. Price of Perry, president; Dr. W. F. Fay of Enid, vice president; Dr. Clara Mahaffey of Oklahoma City, secretary; Dr. Neva Triplett of Enid, treasurer.

COTTON CONSUMED.

Fleecy Staple Burned Valued at Thirty-Five Thousand Dollars.

Shawnee, Okla., Nov. 30.—Six hundred bales of cotton stored on a platform at Kemah, a few miles north of here, caught fire. All but about twenty-three bales were consumed. The loss is fully \$35,000.

SILVER GOING UP.

Highest Price For White Metal Since December of 1886.

New York, Nov. 30.—It was definitely learned that the \$750,000 in gold engaged for export was shipped to Mexico direct. Besides this amount, arrangements were made for the export of \$1,000,000 additional. The gold goes because of the high price at which silver is selling. Silver sold Wednesday at 65 1/2. This is the highest price since December, 1886.

Game Wardens to Confer.

Boise, Idaho, Nov. 30.—On Dec. 5 a conference of game wardens of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming will be held at Butte. They will discuss plans for the creation of a vast game preserve in Bitter Root mountains, embracing some 4,000,000 acres to be in charge of the United States government, in connection with forest reserve. The warden of this state believes President Roosevelt will second a movement of this kind.

Telegraphers Boast.

Moscow, Nov. 30.—Congress of telegraphers boasts that it will stop all telegraphic communication within forty-eight hours.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE OLD STATES DURING THE

HOLIDAYS

...GO VIA...

The Southern Pacific

CHEAP RATES TO ALL POINTS IN THE SOUTHEAST and NORTH CENTRAL STATES

Round Trip Tickets on Sale Dec. 21, 22 & 23
RETURN LIMIT 30 DAYS.

For further information consult nearest Railroad Ticket Agent, or write to

T. J. ANDERSON
Gen. Pass. Agent.

JOS. HELLEN
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.
HOUSTON, TEXAS



Full Weight

in roasts, chops, steaks, soup and boiling meats is guaranteed you in this butcher shop. Aside from and in addition to that, we store, handle, cut and serve meats so that they are to all intents and purposes fresh when delivered at your kitchen door. We're not modest about seeking your trade, because we know we'll merit it even as to price.

'Phone 330

CHANEY BROS.

'Phone 330



Always Ready

With the newest seasonable fabrics for Men's Clothing. The old reliable John Wittman tailor shop can always be depended upon for quality, style and fit and promptness.

Give us your orders.

JOHN WITTMAN
MERCHANT TAILOR.

WHO FILLS YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS?

Every business has its leader and with us it is prescriptions. Our prescription department is perfect in all of its appointments, our drugs and chemicals are the finest obtainable. You receive the best service here, where graduate or registered pharmacists only fill your prescriptions and the compounding is done by accurate and scientific methods. Our prices are always fair—never excessive.

EMMEL & MALONEY
Progressive Druggists

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF BRYAN, TEXAS.

The oldest National Bank from Houston to Dallas. The strongest National Bank from Houston to Corsicana.

DEPOSITORY FOR THE CITY OF BRYAN AND BRAZOS COUNTY.

Capital	...	\$100,000.00
Surplus	...	20,000.00
Undivided Profits	...	25,000.00
Deposits	...	550,000.00

We Solicit Business. We are prepared to serve our patrons acceptably.

J. W. HOWELL, PRESIDENT

H. O. BOATWRIGHT
VICE-PRESIDENT
L. L. MCINNIS, CASHIER

GUY M. BRYAN
VICE-PRESIDENT
F. M. LAW, ASS'T CASHIER

THE LILY OF BRANAGHAN'S PATCH

Portrait of a Lady—A Memory of Boyhood

Here's no maid of song or story,
Here's no girl of high degree;
Garlanded with laurel glory,
Coast of knightly chivalry;
Chateaus of flowing castle
Off have waked the poet's lyre,
Roused the churlish serf or vassal,
Touched them with Promethean fire.

Here's no maid of old romances,
Darling of dim vanished years,
Or no light of love whose glances
Have wrought gray grief and tears,
Candid as grey, dewy dawn is
Artless as rich rippling rain;
Shapely as shy supple fawn is
Bounding blithely o'er the plain.

Pure oval face fair as a flower,
Thrilling for the dripping dew,
Beauty is your sumptuous dower,
Lilies lend their grace to you,
Garlanded with tawny tresses,
Like rippling spray of shaggy sea,
Which the blustering breeze caresses,
Soft as music's mournful plea.

The softest brow as sweet as slumber,
The rosy breast as pure as snow,
The silvery laughter sweet and low;
Big April eyes whose roguish glances,
Which like sweet starshine o'er the sea,
And flushed with quaint and old romances
And sparkling blithe with girlish glee.

Shy and timorous as some creature
Rambling through green, leafy glade,
Fresh as foam each perfect feature,
A milk white delicious maid;
And her lustrous eyes are gleaming
Grieving o'er some wounded bird.

HAD THE WRONG GEN. PORTER

Telephone Girl Thought of Occupation, Not Name.

"I would like to speak to Gen. Porter," was the telephone message received at the Planters' hotel, St. Paul, last week from a woman. But it was not the message that the telephone girl thought. Instead of summoning Gen. Pleasant Porter, who was stopping at the hotel, a message was sent for Henry Peters, the head porter of the hostelry. He came.

"All right!" shouted Peters into the transmitter. "What is it?"

"Well, I don't know anything about statehood," was the reply the hotel clerk heard from Peters after a short wait in the telephone booth. "No, I just handle trunks and do general work. I am not expected to know anything about that."

"You are Gen. Porter, are you not?" he was asked.

"Yes, I guess I am—that is, the head porter, or the general porter, if you want to call it that."

"What!" exclaimed the person at the other end of the line. "I want to speak to Gen. Pleasant Porter, who is a guest at the Planters'."

Peters faded away. A page was sent for Gen. Porter. After a lengthy conversation Gen. Porter came out laughing, as though he had just enjoyed the best joke of his life.

"That's one on me," he said, as he invited the clerk to go with him to that part of the hotel which is closed on Sunday. "Don't you ever tell the story boys, for I want to tell it on myself."

Robb's Client in a Cow Case.

Assistant Attorney-General Charles H. Robb, who became famous for his work in running down the postal grafters a couple of years ago, began the practice of law in a small village in Vermont. He knew all the people of the town, as well as many of the farmers in the surrounding country.

"One day," said Mr. Robb, "a tall, lank Yankee came into my office. It seems that he had got into trouble as a result of trading a cow. He had succeeded in palming off on an unsuspecting neighbor an uncertain looking animal which proved to be stone blind. In addition, it was lean and run down generally. On finding that the cow couldn't see, the farmer who had been imposed upon brought suit against my client. I questioned the man.

"Did you tell this farmer that the cow was blind?" I asked.

"Indeed I did," protested my client, with a sheepish look. "I told him that she didn't look well."—Boston Herald.

All But the 98 Accounted For.

A scion (scamp, more properly speaking) of a wealthy Brookline (Mass.) family married against his family's wishes, and was obliged, on a meagre income, to support his wife apart from his family home. As his salary only netted him \$15.98 a week, it was his habit to pass over \$15 to his frugal wife, withholding 98 cents for his personal expenses. One time, however, on returning home very late at night, he failed to give her the usual allowance. She therefore demanded an accounting.

"Well," said the husband, "I spent \$10 playing poker with the boys. Then I spent \$5 more at the club, paying for the drinks."

"But," said the wife, "where is the 98 cents?"

"Oh," he responded, "I must have spent that foolishly."

Was Looking for the Buttons.

The late Rev. Lucius R. Page, historian, formerly city clerk of Cambridge, Mass., and pastor of the First Universalist Society, used to relate this story of Samuel Saunders, a well known contractor and builder of Cambridge, and one of Dr. Page's parishioners:

Mr. Saunders was shingling the house of the Rev. Thomas Whittemore, a neighbor of Mr. Page, and fell from the roof. Both Mr. Page and Mr. Whittemore ran to his assistance, and found him groping about on the ground. When asked if he was hurt, he replied: "No, I was looking for the buttons that were ripped off my vest when I came down."

Like some chaste Madonna dreaming,
When her tender pity's stirred,
The roseleaf face where beauty's dwelling,
As tender as the dream of dawn;

The pliant mouth with laughter swelling,
The step as supple as the fawn,
Sweet the shapely, sloping shoulder,
With its ivory rise and fall,
Charms the gaze of each beholder,
Like pure, snow, marble wall.

Her face is fairer than the flowers,
That gem the green cool dewy field,
As heartened by sweet, savory showers,
Rare homage to the breeze they yield,
Her cheeks have caught the tint of roses,
Her brow has riched the lily's glow;

As drooping in the dell it dozes,
To shyly dream of long ago!

And her voice sounds low and tender,
Soft as Swinburne's sumptuous strain,
And her eyes show queenly splendor,
Pure as stars drenched in the rain.

Rebellious as the whispering breeze,
That shrinks as from the sun's caresses,
As frank and chainless as the seas.

Rose, your beauty is a treasure,
Richer than Golconda's gold,
Venus gave you goodliest measure,
Fairest fledgling of the fold,
Juno lent you queenly splendor,
Psyche sent you angel face,
St. Cecilia's hand so tender
Touched you with ethereal grace!

JAMES E. KINSELLA,
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

RECORDS OF HOMING PIGEONS

One Old Bird Accompanies a Certain Train Every Day.

Homing pigeons are the craze in England just now, and on one recent Saturday between 200,000 and 300,000 birds were released in various competitions.

A number of these were raced to London from Retford and Branson. The distances are 127 and 113 miles, respectively, but no birds of the several thousand released made the trip in the traditional mile a minute, although every circumstance of wind and weather was favorable to record breaking.

Much better time was made in a contest from Templecombe to London, in which one bird made the 108 miles in ninety-four minutes, an average of sixty-nine miles an hour, and more than 100 exceeded a speed of sixty miles an hour.

One of the oldest homers is a bird which makes its home around the railway station at Liege, in Belgium. There is a train from Liege to Waremme which starts every morning at 10 o'clock.

As soon as the train pulls into the station the bird commences to circle in the air, and as soon as headway is gained follows the train to its destination, returning immediately home, where it flies about the station for the rest of the day.

It pays no attention to any other of the trains, and no one is able to offer an explanation as to why this particular train should be favored.—New York Herald.

Calendars Brought Good Prices.

Some years ago one of our leading life insurance companies received an application from a man in a small town in Vermont to become a local agent. The request was granted, and the usual blanks, forms, etc., were sent him, together with a liberal supply of elaborate advertising calendars of the company.

Not hearing from the agent for several months, a letter was sent to him, inquiring what prospects he had for sending in some business, to which he replied that, while he had talked to most every man in town about insurance, he had not been able to get any real applications yet, but that he was working hard to sell the calendars, and had sold some as high as 25 cents, but sold one for 10 cents to a man who had promised to take out a policy pretty soon.

In a postscript he said: "Shall I send you the money I have on hand now, or shall I wait until I have sold all the calendars?"

Moody's Wit in the Pulpit.

Dwight L. Moody once called on a ministerial brother in Massachusetts, desiring to spend next day, Sunday, with him. The minister was agreeable, but said that he was ashamed to ask Moody to preach.

"Why?" asked Mr. Moody.

"Well," was the reply, "our people have got into such a habit of going out before the close of the meeting that it would be an imposition on a stranger."

"I will stop and preach," said Moody.

When Sunday arrived Mr. Moody opened the meeting, gave out his text, and then encouragingly said: "My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts to-day, the sinners first, then the saints."

After earnestly addressing the supposed sinners, he said that they could now take their hats and go. But the whole congregation waited and heard him to the end.

"Tip-Top" Wood, as Ordered.

The following story is told of Albert French of Dexter, Me., who was a popular citizen of that town:

Being out of fuel, he asked one of his neighbors to bring him a load of "tip-top" wood. The neighbor, according to agreement, drove his big ox team up to French's door with a load of wood.

French surveyed the load, and then said: "I thought I told you to bring me a load of tip-top wood. Now I call this small and inferior wood."

"Well," replied the neighbor, "I cut it from the very top of the trees, and supposed that was the kind you wanted—tip-top wood."

French had nothing more to say.

Under the Eastern Sky

Peculiar Charm of the Orient Felt on the First Landing in Egypt

It is the end of a dream-like week of voyaging over summer seas. The cold fogs of old England, the frozen canals of Holland and the snow-crowned Alps are now but memories of the past. The terraced and vine-clad shores of sunny Italy have smiled their last upon us. The fragrant orange groves of Sicily and the mountainous shores of ancient Crete have melted away into the distant horizon, and the great ship throbs and beats her way ever southward over sunlit waters as smooth as burnished brass. Another evening of stars upon the blue Mediterranean, with the crescent moon reflecting in its waters the symbol of Islam. Another night gently rocked in the dreamland of the deep. Then a glorious sunrise under a warm Oriental sky, and the spell of the mysterious East is upon us. The air becomes more gentle and balmy as a smell of the tropics is wafted to us



Native on Buffalo.

across the gently rippling waters. Strange felucca-rigged vessels, manned by turbaned Orientals, pass us from time to time, and at last, under the white heat of an African midday, a new continent is sighted. The land of mystery is before us! The Egypt of the Pharaohs! The ancient land of Khem!

The Quays of Alexandria.

With a rattle of chains our anchor goes down, a quarantine boat pulls alongside, manned by a crew of Egyptian sailors in the picturesque garb of the Orient. We resign ourselves and our belongings to the tender mercies of a horde of brigands in turbans, fezzes and flowing skirts, and presto! We are upon the quays of Alexandria! At last we are in Egypt, the land of the most ancient civilization known to history; the mother of science and architecture and mistress of the ancient world; the Egypt of Moses, of Rameses, of Alexander and of Cleopatra; that Egypt over which Joseph ruled and to which his brethren came for corn; that Egypt whose Pharaoh held the ancient Israelites in bondage, and where great Antony fell a captive to the charms of the sorceress queen, Cleopatra. Egypt, the land of our childhood's earliest dreams, is at last a glowing, tangible reality!

The journey by rail from Alexandria to Cairo is one of the most interesting experiences imaginable; our way leading through the luxuriant vegetation of the Nile delta, and unfolding a constantly changing panorama of strange Oriental life to our unaccustomed eyes. Long, slow-moving trains of camels, loaded with immense bunches of green clover and chicken coops filled with live poultry, are silhouetted against the distant horizon as they stalk patiently along in single file. Graceful palm forests nod their feathery plumes over native villages of mud huts. Egyptian buffaloes, or water oxen, are seen working in the fields or



Natives With Crocodile.

reveling in the waters of the Nile, resting entirely submerged with the exception of their great horned heads. Upon every hand the creaking, groaning, irrigating machines called "sak-kihs," constantly turned by camels, donkeys or blindfolded oxen, lift the life-giving waters of the historic stream to irrigate the fields of sugar cane which wave along its banks.

Mist of Unreality.

Chattering crowds of half-naked men and chattering women gather at the various stations along the line, clamoring to sell as "kullehs" of Nile water, oranges, Egyptian bread and the rather questionable delicacy known as "kababs." Everything is new and strange, and seems enveloped in a mist of unreality—that indefinite mystery which imparts the chief charm to the Orient. Soon the

mud-walled houses of Tanta, one of the largest cities of the Delta, are left behind us. On our right loom up in the distance those mighty monuments of a bygone age, the Pyramids of Gizeh, Cheops, Kephren and Men-kara, awe-inspiring and unspeakably grand in their solitary sovereignty of the desert.

The shining waters of the Nile wind in and out among the distant palms, and mirror in their surface the fellah villages clinging to the muddy banks, while women with large water jars balanced upon their heads, herds of camels loaded with bales of merchandise, patriarchal Egyptians with turbaned heads and the flowing beards riding upon the most diminutive of donkeys, and strangely fashioned two-wheeled wagons bearing interesting groups of black-robed women with veiled faces, all pass in seemingly endless procession before our wondering eyes as we journey down through the biblical land of Goshen from Alexander's ancient capital to the city of the khalfis.

El Masr, as the Arabs call their capital, is the largest city of Africa, and with its superb natural surroundings, its scores of princely palaces, its hundreds of splendid mosques, its imposing citadel and ancient walls, is quite the most enchanting of all the cities of the East.

Many-Sided Cairo.

Cairo, "the many-sided, many-colored city of the desert," as it has been aptly called, is the ideal oriental city, and preserves the true spirit of the East. As we ramble through the fascinating and bewildering labyrinth of bazaars; or go tearing through its narrow, crowded streets on the "hurricane deck" of the ubiquitous and inevitable donkey (the "street car of the East") we are carried back in spirit to the days of Haroun Al-Raschid, and all the world of oriental fiction is conjured up by the subtle charm of its dreamy atmosphere. In its older native quarters this "city of the desert" displays delightfully picturesque and purely Arabic characteristics of true oriental architecture, and remains essentially that wondrous city of the "Arabian Nights," which our earliest childhood's fancy pictured to itself. The most striking features are the immense khans and covered bazaars, the medieval city walls and ancient gates, the mosques with their exquisitely carved and stuccoed minarets, conceded to be the finest in the world, and from whose balconies the sonorous voice of the Muezzin is heard five times a day sounding the Mohammedan call to prayer, the curious winding streets, shaded by carpets and tarpaulins spread from roof to roof as a protection from the mid-day heat, and crowded from wall to wall with towering camels, loaded donkeys, and an indescribable Egyptian population; and lastly, but possibly most characteristic of the dreamy, superstitious sentiment of the East, the exquisite lattice-work windows, called "mushrabeyahs," which overhang the narrow streets, permitting the veiled women of the Moslem's household to gaze unseen upon the passing throng; for the law of the prophet commands that the face of a Mohammedan woman must never be uncovered except within the sanctity of the harem.—Los Angeles Times.

His Patriotic Appetite.

Adolph was devouring something, if not with relish, at least with earnestness. From time to time he would saw away with a knife at something under the bar and convey a small particle to his mouth.

"Try it," he said to the customer who entered, holding forth what ap-



peared to be a slice of smoked beef. It was ham. Furthermore it was tough ham, and was salty enough to take the skin off the tongue. It was not particularly palatable, either, as the customer was compelled to remark after an ineffectual attempt to masticate it.

"Dot's from my own town in Germany," said Adolph proudly. "You can't buy it here. An old lady just from dere brought it to me to-day."

"It doesn't taste particularly nice," said the customer.

"Nice? Nice? Sure it ain't nice. But it comes from my own town, und I eat it."—New York Press.

Salary for Opposition Leader.

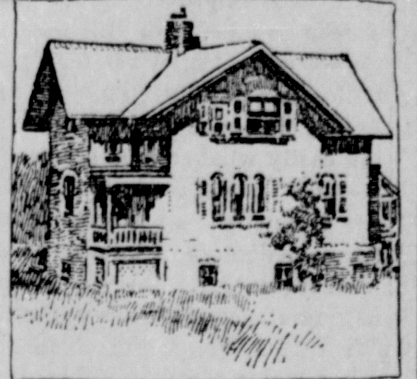
Canada has enacted a law providing for the payment of a salary to the leader of the opposition in parliament.

Relics of Fine Homes

Picturesque Lodge Houses of First Summer Colony Around New York

(Special Correspondence.)

Fully half a century ago—when the streets among the Twenties occupied the same relative position socially as the east Sixties and Seventies do now—a little group of the "best families" of the time established the first of the suburban colonies around New York on Washington Heights. From the viewpoint of what is now called its physical geography, that high ridge of land, running northward from 170th street to Spuyten Duyvil Creek and climbing up from the marshes along the Harlem on the east and from the rocky banks of the Hudson on the west, was a more beautiful place in those days than it is to-day. There were more noble old trees, the meadows were innocent of docks and power houses, no trolley cars went racking by in a swirl of dust. It was, in a word, the country; just



Benj. Douglass' Place.

such a place of sylvan beauty as the dweller in cities always longs for as being the ideal site for a home. And so this little group of old New Yorkers drove out there, out through Harlem and Carmansville, and bought—each unto himself—a sufficient number of acres to give him room to turn round in and grow vegetables and flowers, to have wide lawns before his windows, a paddock for his horses and meadows for his cattle to graze over. The Martins, the Bennetts, the Seamans, the Douglases, the Bennetts, the Seamans, the Ishams and the Beverly Wards. They lived according to the best traditions of English country life—not because it was fashionable, as it is now, but because it was the best and most hospitable way of living. They rode and drove, went boating on the river or creek, kept open house from May to Thanksgiving day, enjoying to the last cry the beautiful scenery and air of the countryside about them.

But times have changed to a great extent in that section of New York and the old ways have altered with them. To the average man or woman who visits Washington Heights now in a trolley car or a swiftly running automobile there is little to remind him of that old-time life of beautiful leisure and bountiful hospitality. And yet, curiously enough, that little is one of the most striking outward signs of social life which once reigned there and which only two families preserve to this day. That little is the line of old lodge houses that stand along Broadway from 170th street northward as far as 215th street.

The first of these is a little cottage, once painted a dark red, but now sadly weatherbeaten and worn with time. It faces toward the south and once was just inside the gateway leading to the big house of the Beverly Wards that stood on the crest of the ridge of land behind it overlooking the Hudson.

"Jig Saw" Architecture.

A block above this cottage is another of these old-time lodges. It used to stand at the entrance to the Isaac Martin place, but now it is on the property of Mrs. J. Hood Wright, whose country house is back on Fort Washington avenue. This lodge standing directly alongside the pri-



The "Marble Arch."

vate road leading to the gates of The Folly, as the Wright place is called, is occupied by the dairymen of the estate. The Martins left little impression on the life of the old days in this colony. Architecturally their lodge house belongs to what has been called the "jig saw" order of architecture, and was built in the period which has been called "the reign of terror" by historians of this art in America.

Opposite a point on Broadway where the sign on the lamp post tells you it is 176th street officially, though there is no street cut through, is a substantial brick cottage set in a pleasant green meadow. Forty years ago it stood by a gateway leading from the Kingsbridge Road—as Broadway was called in those days—to the

Benjamin Douglas place on the ridge to the westward of it.

There is no sign of the Douglas house now. But the little lodge is in better care than any one of these relics of the old times hereabouts. Not long ago Mrs. Potter, the wife of the bishop, bought the piece of ground on which this lodge stands and remodeled the cottage, adding a one-story wing to it.

Although the first of these lodge houses along Broadway is markedly simple, the last one approaches the magnificent. To every one in the neighborhood of 215th street the gate house of the Seaman or Drake place, as it is variously called, is always referred to as the "Marble Arch," not because it is built of that stone but because it was fashioned and named after the famous arch in Hyde Park, in London.

Had English Model.

The Seaman who bought this piece of land from the owners of the Dyckman tract was a warm admirer of everything that was British. He built his country house after the style of the houses that were erected along the Thames in the eighteenth century, out of a grayish stone that was quarried on his property. The marble arch was built of the same stone and was the most striking piece of architecture in the way of a gate house in all this colony. It differed from all the others, for the reason that it was built directly over the driveway, with the gates swinging between the two supports of the arch.

These gates stand open now, though, even rusted as they are, they show signs of the former tawdry grandeur of the place. The spikes above the black posts still show how once they were bravely gilded, and as you stroll through the grounds—for they are open to the public—you can see many signs of the old British influence in the classical statues, the stone lions guarding the steps of the many terraces, the conservatories and the queer cupola with the statue that crowns it above the corner tower.

Great Editor's Home.

That all of the estates belonging to this time were not directly on the main



An Isaac Martin Relic.

highway is shown by the ruins of the lodge house of the old James Gordon Bennett place in Fort Washington avenue, near 179th street. In the elder Bennett's day he spent most of the year in his home here, the house also being a favorite of his daughter Jeanette. It was just to the north and adjoining the property known on the old maps as the Jumel tract, and was kept up in beautiful style. An indication of this may be seen in the fine wrought iron gate posts outside the lodge, which, in spite of the tumble-down condition of everything around, still retain evidences of their former state.

These are simple structures, little buildings that in the course of a few years in all probability will go down before the northward movement of the city. Yet as they stand they are almost the only surviving monuments of an epoch of which there is scarcely any other traces, in the social history of the city.

Germany Buys Monkeys.

A singular state consignment is on board of the German steamship Oceclia, bound from Singapore. The vessel has on board 100 monkeys, which are being brought to Prussia to the order of the government. Their ultimate destination is Breslau, where they are to be used for the purpose of experiments connected with the preparation of a certain serum. As to the nature of the serum, nothing is said.—London Globe.

Woman Head of Seattle Hospital.

Mrs. Marion B. Baxter is at the head of the only free hospital in Seattle, Wash., the hospital-ship Idaho. Roger S. Greene and other public-spirited men of the city bought the ship and gave it for the benefit of those too poor to pay for admission to hospitals. Mrs. Baxter has been for several years on the editorial staff of a Seattle paper.

Mme. Gorky Makes Denial.

Mme. Maxime Gorky protests against the story so often told of her husband, that he was born in poverty and vagabondage. She insists that he was a son of well-to-do parents, and although he did not attend school, his grandfather, who was a painter, gave him lessons.

THE MORNING EAGLE

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BRYAN, TEXAS, DECEMBER 1

ALAS! BUT ONCE A YEAR.

"The holidays are drawing near. The happiest days of all the year. When we should think of others' needs—

The time to do unselfish deeds; So once a year may all the while Make some hearts glad, make some face smile."—Exchange.

The creed is good, but man-made still—

For those who do the Master's will, Nor time nor season will prefer; Let days of kindness fill the year.

Grimes county's new steel bridge policy may be somewhat expensive during constructive period; but it will be a mortgage lifter in the end.—Navasota Review.

Hill county farmers have organized a branch of the Southern Cotton Growers' Association. The movement is destined to embrace the entire cotton area of the South if the farmers of the country are as alive to their interests as the signs indicate.

A big roar is going up about immorality in the Panama canal zone, and the government is charged with contributing to the prevailing offensive conditions. It appears that about all the canal zone is fit for is to breed scandal, mosquitoes and fever.

The Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College will be strongly represented at the International Live Stock Show soon to be held at Chicago. The college is preparing a herd of fine cattle to enter the contests and expects to secure some of the blue ribbons and prize money.—Galveston News.

The first Thanksgiving celebration was held by the Plymouth Colony in 1621, and the usage soon became general in New England. After the Revolution the custom gradually extended to the Middle States, and later to the West, and more slowly to the South. Since 1863 its observance has been annually recommended by the president.

Statistics show that six million American citizens are unable to read and write in spite of the free school system, but there is evidence of improvement in the fact that the older generation is more illiterate than the new. The women are taking the lead over the men, a fact which has been long apparent by the preponderance of girls in the graduating classes throughout the country. The boys have an erroneous idea that they haven't got time to educate themselves and quit school for one cause and another before they finish the prescribed course.

TEXAS TURKEYS.

Turkeys will be above 30 cents a pound for the good ones, according to a Main street poultryman, yesterday afternoon. "Of course, there will be birds cheaper than that figure," he said, "but the best birds will run considerably above that figure. I have a lot coming Monday which will cost me 30 cents at wholesale."

Asked about the southern turkeys, which have been billed to break the rates on Thanksgiving birds, he said: "They come from Texas. I experimented with them a few years ago. They were thin birds and unsalable. I have had none of them since."—Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.

Wonder where he bought them? He should order from Bryan if he wants fine salable birds.



AMUSEMENTS.

The Donnelly & Hatfield minstrel company, under the direction of Al G. Field, appeared for the first time before a Paris audience last evening, and the excellent performance given by this company was appreciated by all present, the beautiful first part and the special scenery that surrounded the different acts made pictures that were grand to behold. The singing was of the best, special mention being due Mr. Norman Stanley and the quartette. The comeby songs were well taken care of by Lee Edmonds, Arthur Crawford and our old friend Tommy Donnelly. Some very clever jokes were told that were very much enjoyed. The olio was very stirring. The Tuscano Brothers, Roman axe jugglers, are artists of rare ability and their work could hardly be improved upon. The Toledo troupe, four in number, cannot be spoken of too highly, as their work was the best ever seen in this city, each member performing easily what seemed almost impossible feats of contortion. Tommy Donnelly and Harry Shunk, two comedians well known by our local theatergoers, these gentlemen having appeared here several times With Al G. Field, did an act that was novel in a way, and kept the large audience in an uproar all the time they were on the stage. The comedy in this act was clean and of the best. Crawford and Finning are a duo of clever musical artists and their work was highly in favor and heartily applauded. The "Darktown Circus" was a pleasing burlesque and caused many a good laugh. This show, although new in name, will surely be remembered and their next trip to our city will be looked forward to with pleasure. A better show has not been in Paris for several seasons.—The Paris Morning News, Nov. 23.

Grand Opera House, Tuesday, Dec. 5.

BREATHE HEALING BALSAMS

Hyomei, the Guaranteed Catarrh Cure. Endorsed by Physicians.

No one should confound Hyomei with the patent medicines that are advertised to cure catarrh. It is as superior to them all as the diamond is more valuable than cheap glass. Their composition is secret, but Hyomei gives its formula to all reputable physicians.

Its base is the famous eucalyptus oil, well known for its antiseptic qualities. This is combined with aromatic and healing gums and balsams, making a pure liquid which, when used in the Hyomei pocket inhaler, fills the air you breathe with germ killing, disease destroying and healing powers that restore health to every part of the throat, nose and lungs.

Hyomei is endorsed by physicians generally. Many of them use it themselves to break up a cold and prevent pneumonia. It is the only natural and rational way of curing catarrh.

Would it be a common sense treatment to try and cure a corn by stomach dosing? Is it not just as foolish to try and cure catarrh by swallowing tablets or liquids? The only natural way to cure this disease and all diseases of the respiratory organs is to breathe Hyomei.

This treatment has been so successful, curing 99 per cent. of all who have used it, that Hyomei is now sold by E. J. Jenkins under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure. You run no risk whatever in buying Hyomei. If it did not possess unusual powers to cure, it could not be sold upon this plan.

THE MARKETS.

Kansas City Cattle and Hogs.

Special to the Bryan Eagle.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 27, 1905.—Quarantine cattle receipts last week were 140 cars, against 55 cars same week last year. A few fed steers were included nearly every day, top \$3.65 on Monday, top fed cows \$2.75, top grass steers \$3.00, and top grass cows \$2.55. The supply today is liberal at 1200 cattle, market steady on steers, strong to 10 higher on cows, calves steady, today's prices averaging 10 to 20 cents above those of last Monday. Grass cows sold at \$2.60 today, and a big string of Texas cows, from Llano, at \$2.57½, canners at \$1.90, a big bunch of 206 calves at \$3.35. In the native yards fed steers have been selling exceptionally strong lately, and buyers have displayed great anxiety when the supply ran a little short. Total cattle receipts have been unprecedented for the last four months, and the outgo to the country has only been normal, almost the entire surplus going into the hands of the packers. This would imply an enormous demand for dressed meats, and portends strong prices later on for the cattle raisers, if not for the feeders this year.

The hog market fluctuated narrowly last week, closing without any net change. Receipts were 60,000 for the week, supply today 6000,

market weak to 5 lower, top \$4.80, bulk of sales \$4.70 to \$4.77½, light hogs up to \$4.75, and pigs around \$4.45. Kansas City prices are practically the same as those at St. Louis and Chicago for average lots of packers' droves, which, however, is a condition that comes around every year about this time.

J. A. RICKART, Live Stock Correspondent.

A LAND BARGAIN.

178 acres well improved prairie farm within one mile of College Station. Price \$10 per acre. Apply to w-2t 308 J. W. Batts.

IN THE LAND OF FIRE.

How the Native of Tierra del Fuego Manages to Exist.

In Tierra del Fuego the Yaghan Indian leads a remarkable existence. He braves the seas of Cape Horn naked in a frail bark canoe. He owns no faith, religion or tribal tie other than that of the family, which huddles together for food and sustenance. His only household goods are the smoldering firebrands which he carries on a slab of turf in his canoe to each fresh halting place. The women, usually two, paddle the canoe from the stern. The man crouches in the bow on the lookout for prey. On the shore runs one or two dogs to sniff out and turn any lurking otter or sea bird. The long kelp that fringes the coast serves as a breakwater for the frail craft, whose crew only venture out into the open channels when their foresight tells them that a calm will be of sufficient duration to enable them to pass from one inhospitable beach to another. They are unduly developed in the torso at the expense of the lower limbs, for they pass their lives thus circling the coasts. Fishing without hooks, living on mussels and fungus, this tribe marks the limit to which man may strip himself of all aid or comfort and yet survive.

Birds In Attack.

Birds display great skill and cunning in the chase, the attack and in guarding themselves from injury during the struggle for supremacy. The secretary bird is the inveterate enemy and untiring pursuer of the snake. All sorts, even the most venomous, he hunts with a zest that is at once interesting and amusing. The snake deers from its foe, who follows, watching every opportunity for a blow. When the reptile turns the bird uses one of his wings as a shield and strikes with his foot. The snake buries its fangs in the wing, but leaves the poison in the plumage, and the bird escapes unhurt. Repeated blows from the powerful claw confuse and disable the snake, and at last it falls, to be at once dispatched by thrusts of the sharp beak into its head. The bird then tosses his victim into the air and, catching it as it falls, swallows it.

The Simple Life Expensive.

And, really, the simple life is frightfully expensive. At a recent entertainment in this city a great luxury in the serving of the second supper was the introduction of country sausage and buckwheat cakes with maple sirup. But the sausage came from the farm of the host and represented a small fortune, as the pigs from which the piece de resistance was made were blooded animals with pedigrees. The buckwheat was grown in special fields which cost ever so much a foot, and the maple sirup was taken from trees in the most expensive Adirondack preserve. And thus can thousands of dollars be spent on the simple life, while truffles, pate, terrapin and such other rarebits of a former generation are left for the tables of the middle classes with moderate means.—Town and Country.

An Animal Cemetery.

In spite of much agitation upon the subject at various times, lovers of animals have never succeeded in establishing in this country a cemetery as elaborate as those in several European capitals.

The largest and most beautiful animal cemetery is La Necropole Zoologique, in Paris, or, rather, in the suburb of Asnieres. Here a large plot of ground is laid out for the interment of dogs and other animals, and here are erected monuments in every way as handsome as those over the graves of human beings in other cities of the dead.

Some famous dogs have sculptures to mark their memories, and dog kennels in marble are favorite vaults. For \$2.50 a grave is leased for three years, and this fee includes the services of a dog undertaker, uniformed and mounted on a tricycle. For \$100 a grave may be leased in perpetuity, and between these extremes may be found prices to suit all purposes. The cemetery occupies an entire island in the Seine, and, apart from the rental of graves, the company owning the property makes a handsome profit out of the sale of admission tickets to visitors.

The Race He Won.

In the old whaling days a New Bedford captain fell in with a lot of his "townies" in the Pacific, says the Chicago Record-Herald, and after a landing for water on the coast of South America, began a boat race off shore toward the ships. The old skipper kept muttering to his crew to take it easy. The others jeered him as he fell behind, but he took it cheerfully.

"The race I'm after is the race home," he said. He pointed to a little light in the rocks into which the crew could just see. "Ever see that rock in there before?" he asked. "No, I guess not. That's a cow whale and her calf up there on the shore. It's her nursery."

When the others were far enough away to give him a clear field he made for the shore. He got the cow and the calf. The others said very little about the race he did not win, for he was the first man back to New Bedford.

A Vegetable Caterpillar.

In New Zealand and Australia they have an animal vegetable oddity which cannot be equaled by any other animate or inanimate object upon the earth's surface. It is the queerest of the many antipodean wonders and paradoxes and for the want of a better name has been called the "bulrush caterpillar" or "vegetable worm." The native Tasmanian name for the oddity is aweto-hotete. The aboveground portion of this vegetable worm is a fungus of the order sphaeria, which grows to a height of six or eight inches. When pulled up by the root this fungus is found to consist of a large caterpillar, showing head, segments and breathing holes—every detail of the grub being perfectly preserved. On examination the interior of the caterpillar is found to be composed of a "punky" looking substance, really the root of the fungus, which has cremated every fiber of what was once a living, breathing creature's anatomy. In all the instances which Buckland records, the sphaeria had made its attack in the fold of skin between the second and third segments of the caterpillar and had replaced all the animal substance of the creature's body with a hard brown vegetable growth resembling the fungoid growths on blackberry and other vines.

Veils In Churches.

During the tenth century no woman was allowed to appear at church without a veil. It had to be a real veil, too, covering and concealing the features in order that the prayers and meditations of the men might not be disturbed by the contemplation of feminine loveliness. There was a tradition that the origin of the custom was in an order from a great French saint. When a young man he met a little girl with features so noble and beautiful that, although he was many years her senior, he immediately fell in love with her because she resembled a young lady to whom he had been engaged years before, but who died in his arms. The man and the child separated, and he became a priest. Many years later he saw her in the congregation just as he was entering the pulpit to preach, and the sight disturbed him to such an extent that his sermon was a failure, and he ordered all the women thenceforth to wear veils.

Picture In Disguise.

Many and strange have been the vicissitudes of some of the world's greatest pictures, and a fine painting which now graces Lord Leigh's residence in Warwickshire has an interesting history. This remarkable picture, which for some years consisted of a painting of flowers, was pronounced by an art dealer to be merely a mask for some other picture, and on his receiving permission he gradually cleaned off the flowers, discovering underneath a very fine portrait of Charles I., by Vandyke. It is supposed that the portrait was thus disguised in order to save it from destruction by the Roundheads at the time of the commonwealth.

Where We Are Unclean.

We are most particular about cleanliness in our houses—many servants must keep them swept and garnish for us—and about cleanliness in our food, eating only of first class materials, daintily prepared. But with all this delicacy of habit the most greasy savage is scrupulous compared to us in the matter of air. He breathes pure air rich in oxygen. We get together in vast herds, defile the air with all manner of disagreeable and revolting matter, including disease germs, and then contentedly breathe it.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman in Good Housekeeping.

J. W. Batts

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Office in Tallisferro building, opposite Court House, Phone No. 37. Have in office the only set of Abstract Books of Brazos County Land Titles.

FOR SALE.

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78-acre farm about 7½ miles north of Bryan; good black sandy loam; a little timber. Price \$10.00 per acre.

400 acres on Brazos river 8 miles from Bryan; 120 acres bottom land, balance post oak; over 250 acres in cultivation, and 8 houses. Price \$12.50 per acre.

153½ acres of land located on mail route 15 miles north of Bryan. About 70 acres in cultivation. Nearly all under fence. 10 acre hog pasture. Good 4 room residence and 2 room tenant house. Good water. This is a first class place. Price \$10.00 per acre.

242 acres 8 miles from Bryan; 120 acres in cultivation; 10 acre hog pasture; balance in pasture; 9-room residence; 2 tenant houses; barn cost \$500.00. Price \$10.00 per acre.

274 acres about 12 miles north-east of Bryan; about 75 acres under fence and cleared; balance timber. Price \$5.00 per acre.

Five room residence with about two acres of land, located near school house. Price \$1300.00.

The N. B. Cole block in Hall's addition. Price \$750.00.

One quarter of a block in eastern part of town, price \$425.

242 acres of land on east side of town, known as the Caldwell pasture. Will sell in tracts to suit purchasers and on easy terms.

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3 lots near Allen Academy. Price \$325.00.

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The I. & G. N. R. R., in connection with the Iron Mountain system, operates four limited trains daily between Texas and St. Louis, the service being four to eight hours quicker, and 100 to 150 miles shorter. These trains have Pullman Buffet Sleepers and Chair cars through without change, and connect morning and evening in Union Station, St. Louis, with all the Northern and Eastern lines. A la carte dining car service between Texarkana and St. Louis.

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The I. & G. N. R. R., in connection with the National Lines of Mexico, operates four fast trains daily between Texas and Mexico via Laredo. The time from San Antonio to Mexico City being only 34½ hours, or a day and a half, and 802 miles shortest. Correspondingly as quick from all Texas points via I. & G. N. The cities of Monterey, Saltillo, San Luis Potosi and Mexico City are reached directly in through Pullman Buffet Sleepers without change. This route also forms the new short line via Monterey to Torreon and Durango, direct connection with through sleepers to and from Durango being made at Monterey.

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whenever she suffers from any of woman's biting and weakening pains. It not only compels the pains to stop, but it follows up and drives out the cause of the pains, which prevents them from coming back.

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freely and frankly, in strictest confidence, telling us all your symptoms and troubles. We will send free advice (in plain sealed envelope), how to cure them. Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"WITHOUT A PAIN,"

writes Mary Shelton, of Poplar Bluff, Mo., "I can do my housework, although, before taking CARDUI, two doctors had done me no good. I can truthfully say I was cured by Cardui. I want every suffering lady to know of this wonderful medicine."

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HOLIDAYS

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as nowhere else for the reason that no other section now offers REALLY HIGH-CLASS LANDS AT LOW PRICES and that the Agricultural and Stock-farming possibilities of this section are the equal of, and in some respects better than three to five times higher priced property located elsewhere.

In a word: Many Magnificent Opportunities are still open here to those possessing but little money, but prompt investigation and

QUICK ACTION

are advisable, as speculators have investigated and are fast purchasing with a knowledge of quickly developing opportunities to sell to others at greatly increased prices.

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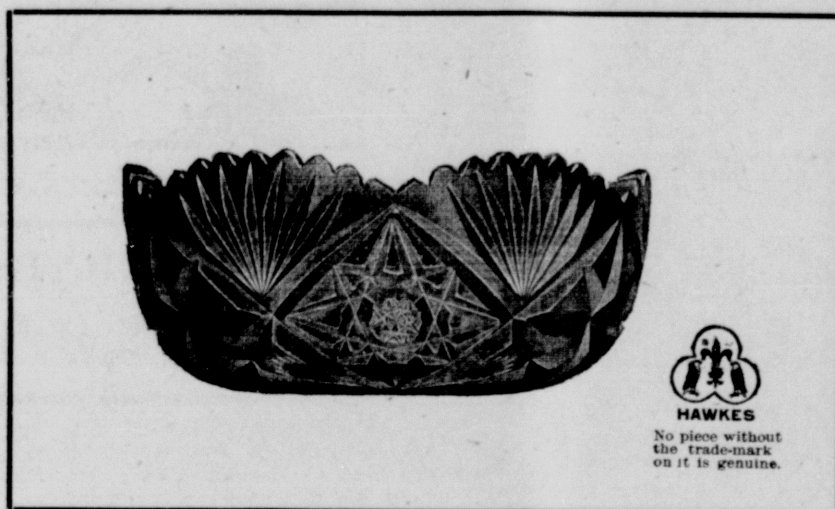
I extend to you a cordial invitation to be present at our opening, Friday and Friday Night, December 1. This to each and everyone.

WE WANT YOU TO COME AND LOOK

Will take great pleasure in showing goods and will endeavor to make the time you spend in our store

PROFITABLE

AS WELL as PLEASANT FOR YOU



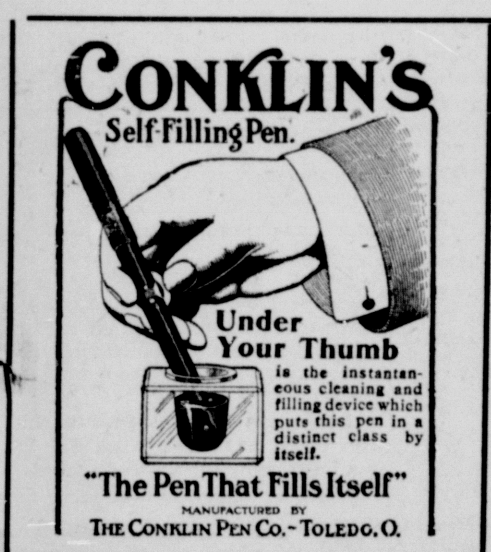
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...WITH OUR OPENING BEGINS OUR...

ONE PRICE CASH SALE!



Having increased my stock to double the amount ever carried before, I feel sure it contains selections in all lines which cannot fail to please. The prices on everything have been greatly reduced, which means they never were so cheap. Agent for

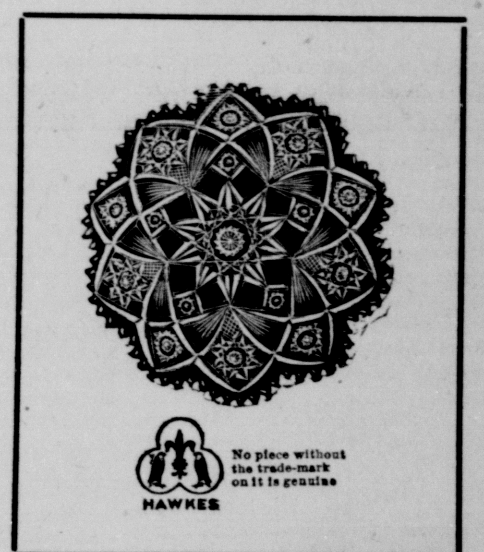
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hine, call and ON.



I handle the

Conklin Self-Filling Fountain Pen which are now used by the best book-keepers everywhere.

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None better made. the quality and workmanship of the glass, is to place by the other which looks good to you with its kind. You will invariably buy Hawkes. It's not high.

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While Our Stock is Complete

Is the time to buy. THAT IS NOW.

See our line of Sterling Silver ⁵ Fine

I hope to see you on the above mentioned date.

J. M. CALDWELL

When Trouble Comes

When Trouble Comes.
W'en trouble is a-comin'
Lak de thunder, wid his drummin'
"Keep in de middle er de road,"
It's mighty risky, climbin' high
W'en de harricane come by—
So, "Keep in de middle er de road!"
De worl' is big an' wide,
So, look out fer time an' tide—
"Keep in de middle er de road,"
Ef you climb on high at all,
You must pick a place ter fall,
So, "Keep in de middle er de road!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

The MAN with the STEADFAST GAZE

BY FRANCIS G. MILLER

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

With Miss Arline Kimball, prima donna of the Witches of Orloff opera company, I had just passed through the stage door to the street after a matinee performance, when, from among the bystanders grouped about the stage door, a ragged, degraded looking man, bearing the marks of the ravages of drink suddenly sprang forth and, grasping my companion about the waist, kissed her repeatedly in spite of her violent efforts to free herself. Supposing him to be a maniac or crazed by drink, I was so fearful of violence that I stood for the moment unable to move. Arline's face flushed scarlet, her black eyes flashing angrily, as she finally broke away from him. Then I noted a quick change in her demeanor. She suddenly grew pale and her expression softened.

"Release him!" cried she in a strange tone. "Do not harm him; do not call the police."

The pitiable looking wretch when freed from the rough hands immediately bowed his head in humiliation and in a broken voice began to beg pardon. Arline without a word pressed a bank-note in his hand, then drew me hurriedly toward her carriage. We drove off in haste.

Amazed as I was at this extraordinary affair, I was even more puzzled, for in it there seemed to be a deeper significance than there should have been in a mere sudden impulse of a maniac. But although we were close friends—we had been schoolmates when girls—I felt it a too delicate affair to pry into. She must have perceived my curiosity, however, or perhaps expected it as most natural, for we had been seated in the carriage but a few moments when she addressed me with some agitation.

"Well, you've witnessed a strange scene. Ah, that poor fellow. My heart aches for him."

"But your compassion is ill deserved," declared I warmly. "You should have had him arrested."

"No, no! A thousand times no!" replied she with spirit. "When I think to what a condition he has been reduced I feel a strange sense of guilt, and yet I know I cannot rightly be censured."

"Then you have met him before?" "I have seen him many times, though not purposely, but I have never spoken a word with him. You see," she settled back in the seat a little more comfortably, "I first knew of him when I was playing a minor role in 'The Merry Wizard' opera, you know. That was four years ago." She looked reflectively out of the cab window and remained silent for some minutes, seeming lost in reverie.

"Four years ago—" "Oh, yes," resumed she, passing her hand over her forehead. "Pardon me for breaking off so abruptly. Well, I was making my first distinct success, although I had but a minor part. Every one said I was accomplishing a great deal with small opportunities, and as I reconsider, I can quite agree with them. The 'Wizard' had been running but a few days when one evening I received at the stage entrance a note from a stranger. Now, you must have heard, dear, of the audacious letters that a successful actress is sure to receive from the opposite sex, letters that deserve to be torn up and thrown away without as much as opening them."

"One, I suppose, of the many annoyances that you are obliged to endure."

"Only too true. But this note was quite odd in its way. The writer was



Kissed her repeatedly. so modest as to not even sign his name. He made no silly compliments, merely stating that he desired to be a good friend, but proposing no plan by which we could become acquainted. To appease my probable curiosity, I suppose, he mentioned the exact seat in the front row that he would occupy. There was a note of sincerity in the letter that impressed me strongly, but as you know I was at that time engaged to George, although that fact

was kept to ourselves, and of course I placed no serious thought in this stranger. I was merely amused, curious, half expecting it would prove some sort of a joke.

"Later in the evening I was presented with an enormous bunch of roses. On the card attached was the simple inscription: 'A3.'"

"I expected that after the performance, as a matter of course, he would be waiting for me at the stage door and would there attempt to speak to me. I confess I was a bit troubled about that, so I purposely fell in with



"The same immutable silence, the same steadfast gaze."

two girls who were going my way up town, though of course I didn't drop a word to them, about my new friend. As I walked out with them, there close by the door stood my mysterious admirer, faultlessly attired in evening dress, looking in every particular a gentleman. Not a word; not a move; not the slightest attempt to attract my attention. He seemed content to simply devour me with his eyes.

"The following evening I found him at the stage door like a sentinel on watch. As I passed by—I was alone this time, for I had forgotten all about him during the day—still no word; but he watched me go in as though his eyes could not rest on me long enough. More roses with a note simply saying that he would be in the same seat as on the evening previous. I went through my part with a strange burden weighing on my spirits. The gaze of a whole audience seemed to me to have concentrated in that one pair of eyes. After the performance he stood at the stage entrance as before with the same statue-like immovability, the same immutable silence, the same steadfast gaze."

"But why did you not manage to get an introduction?"

"But there was George, my dear." "But you liked him?"

"I will not say."

After a pause I inquired: "You surely made some inquiries about him?"

"Oh, yes. Through a friend I learned his name, that he was wealthy, of high social standing, and of irreproachable character. Why he should have been so attracted to me is one of those things that we can't analyze. He was said to be rather odd. Well, I finally awoke to my responsibilities, and summoned the courage to do what I should have done at the beginning. My marriage to George was made known to him. The result was quite contrary to my expectations. Knowing him to be somewhat a man of the world, I had presumed that he would awake from his dream and take a cynical view of the affair; and there comes the sad part of it all."

At this point I fancied that I saw a tremor sweep over her, but at the time I felt half inclined to attribute it to the jouncing of the carriage. In a moment she resumed her narrative, but with a slower and more mellowed tone.

"In a sort of desperation he seemed suddenly bent upon ruining himself as quickly as possible. Excessive drinking and gambling drew him rapidly from his high position to poverty and disgrace. He repulsed all his friend's efforts to help him. I racked my brains to discover an honorable means of assisting him, but in vain. Many a time I appealed to George, but he through, I think, a secret jealousy, claimed that all effort was both useless and uncalled-for. Until to-day I haven't seen him for months, and had hoped that he had at last succumbed to friendly persuasion."

"But does not his strange behavior of this afternoon indicate insanity?"

"No; from what I know of him I think not. More probably a desperate passion released of the bonds of propriety by his degraded condition. Nell,

I ought to do something, but what? what can I do?"

For the moment the rattling of the carriage over the pavements was her only answer; then I indiscreetly gave vent to a sudden thought. "Nell," if George were suddenly lost to you, your life and memory, would you—

"Nell"—she turned toward me with a startled look and pressed her fingers against my lips—"if you have read my heart, say no more."

A Student's Home in Paris.

Latterly, the studio had been turned from its original purpose and made into a delightfully impractical home for students like ourselves.

The interior was one room with a closet for the sink and running water. Across the end opposite the door hung an inside balcony so irresistible that we engaged the studio on sight of it. The furnishings of the room consisted of a large table and three common chairs. In one corner a discouraged-looking little stove, like a mustard pot in shape, stood at the end of yards and yards of unromantic stovepipe. This rusty cylinder followed the outline of the room, up the wall, along the roof to the apex, then through an opening, strayed outdoors, where, at last, it became a thing of beauty robed in trailing vines. An old easel served as hatrack and umbrella stand, with a peg near the stove reserved as the proper place on which to hang the coffee pot to dry.

A short flight of steps led directly from the room to the balcony. This was broad enough for the two sleeping couches and a narrow passage in front. An artistic railing ran across the balcony and down either side of the steps that, on company occasions, served for seats. Under the balcony a model's stand had been left.—Caroline Domett, in Donahoe's.

A Modest Man's Desire.

I would not care to be so rich
That all the world would envy me;
I do not crave possessions which
Would bind me down to slavery;
I merely want a little more
Than they have who live next door.

To have the worldly means whereby
I might outshine my friends and not
Be forced to strain would satisfy
And make me happy with my lot;
I merely want a little more
Than they possess who live next door.

Thus favored, I would leave behind
My present friends and move away
And richer, prouder neighbors find
And there as now still meekly pray
But to possess a little more
Than they might have who lived next door.

And, having that, how fine and fair
A planet this would be! And when
I outshine all around me there,
I'd proudly move ahead again,
And ask for nothing, as before,
Save to eclipse the ones next door.

I would not be so rich that hate
Must follow everywhere I went;
As I have tried to plainly state,
With little I could be content.
All that I ask is always more
Than they may have who live next door.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Good Work of the Kicker.

Secretary Bonaparte pays a little tribute to the "kicker," as he calls him. A few years ago this would have been necessarily a defense, but the kicker has got beyond the need of defending. As the secretary says, it is recognized that "the kicker is the only means by which an American party is kept in order." The kicker performs the same function in the party that on occasion the party itself performs in government. He represents the opposition; he embodies the spirit of examination and criticism. He is justified by the current spirit of revolt, which has concluded that this business of traveling with the crowd has been overdone. People nowadays like to flavor the stew with their own individuality.—New York Mail.

All Over.

One afternoon, during an adjournment for the holidays, a number of prominent senators and representatives visited Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson.

A venerable negro acted as guide for the party, and the distinguished callers were much interested in his quaint disquisitions upon the place and its memories. To this old fellow one of the Western representatives chanced to address the question whether any battles had been fought in the vicinity of Monticello.

"No, sah," promptly replied the aged darkey, "no, sah, not sence de war."—Harper's Weekly.

Weston.

Major George M. Randall, who retired because of having reached the age limit, was succeeded by Brigadier General John F. Weston, who was advanced to a major generalship. Gen. Weston is a Kentuckian and Gen. Shafter said that he owed his success in the brief campaign in Cuba to Gen. Weston more than to any other man.

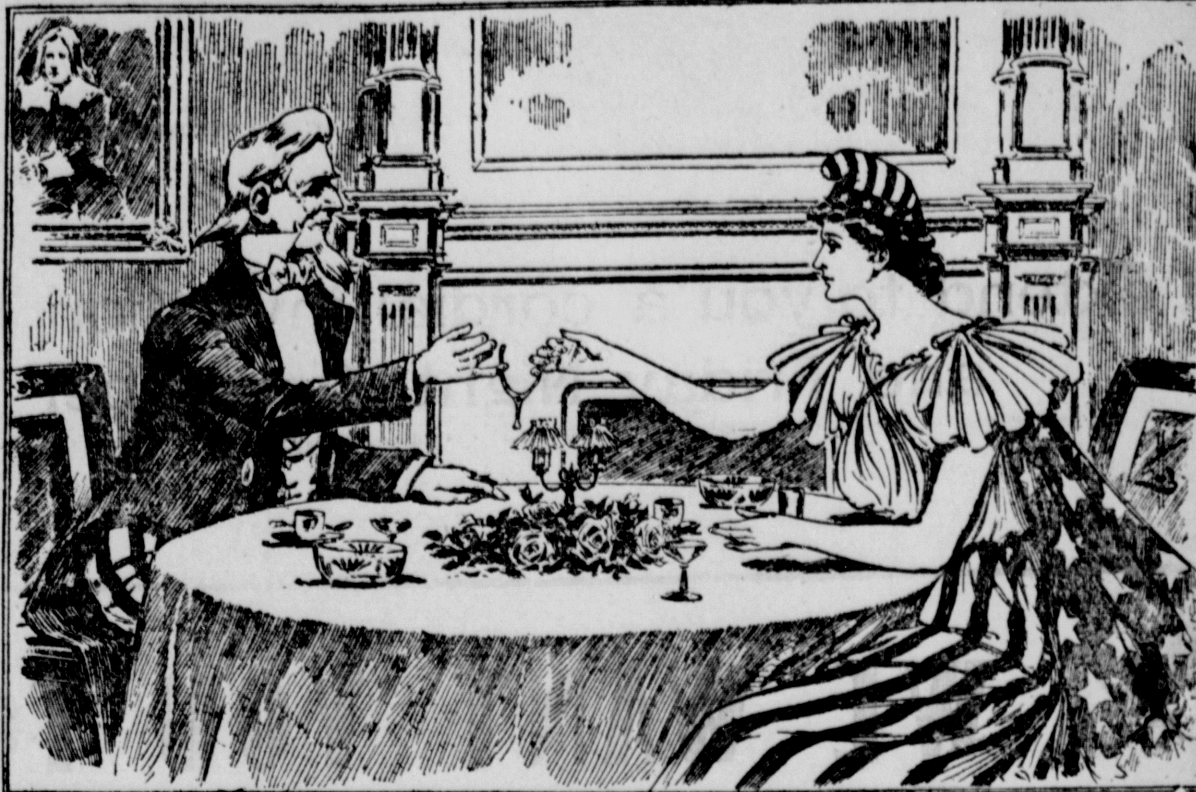
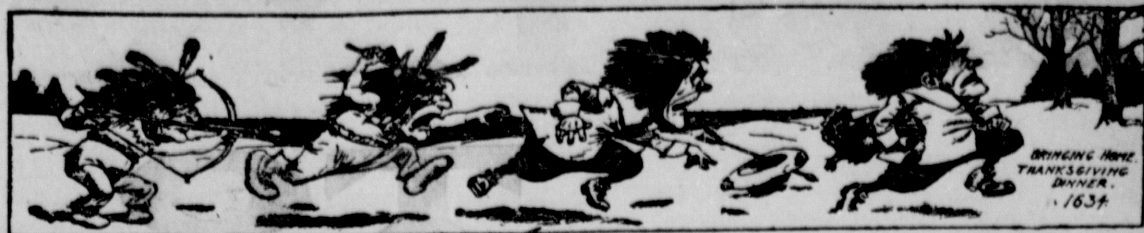
A Suggestion.

"I want to get that latest novel," said the lady. "I don't remember the title, but it's a long story of war."

"Here," replied the meek new salesman with the bald head, "is one called 'When a Man's Married.' Maybe that's it."

BREAKING THE WISHBONE

"Another Year of Prosperity"



FRONTIER THANKSGIVING

Only One Gobbler for Forty Hungry Troopers to Make a Feast Of

The India-rubber bumpers of the modern railroad coach have erased the American frontier. But it existed only a few years ago on Oregon's eastern edge. There the American soldier, which economical Congresses doled out in such homeopathic quantities, opened up the trails and made it possible for settlers and hand cars to occupy the right of way. Wild country there is there still, from the mythical Malheur to the outstretching Ochoco, but interspersed are modern towns, whose electric glare has scared away the jack rabbit, the antelope and the Indian.

"Boots and saddles!" What stirring strains were those bugle notes as they echoed and re-echoed up the canons and through the tall tamaracks at Camp Watson, a typical frontier post whose barrack buildings were of solid logs, located in the part of the beautiful Blue mountains where the hostile Snake Indians ranged and disputed with gory hand the advances of the white man.

The little garrison at Camp Watson had had hard work all the fall hunting hostiles far and away even to the Owyhee, and now looked forward with keen appreciation to Thanksgiving day, which the next sun-up would bring, and the frontier feasting it would bring with it.

"It will be to all the boys at least a taste of home and mother," said Major W. V. Rinehart, post commander, as he instructed Lieutenant Tom Hand to lighten labor and give his men all possible liberty.

So the company game hunters had been out on the nearby ridges and brought in dozens of big, fat grouse, three deer and an elk, and the company cooks had given it out that they would try their hands on mince pies provided some commissary fire-water were rustled up for flavoring.

Everything looked promising for a fine feast.

But the two hunters who had brought in the elk also brought the news that half a mile away they had found the fresh tracks of an Indian pony, and the telltale sign showed that his rider had been spying about Camp Watson. The tracks, two miles away, joined the trail of a large party which had headed southwest. In the trail were the familiar footprints of many mules.

Then dashed into camp young Fred Wilmarth, whose tough cayuse had brought him from Fort Dalles, more than a hundred miles away, with the news that the hostile Snakes had raided down the John Day and captured horses at the Maupin and Clarno ranches, and burned Jim Clarke's house.

Those wild Indians were making history, for that spot is now marked "Burnt Ranch" on the maps of the world.

The rough-riding raid of the Snakes had been very successful, for at Muddy Creek they had captured Henry Heppner's entire train of pack mules, and that energetic pioneer had to fort up in the rocks, and after escaping with his scalp and reaching The Dalles, had to begin business all over again.

"Boots and saddles!" soon sounded

at Camp Watson. Such news always brought that stirring call.

Thanksgiving thoughts were laid aside; they would have to keep for another year. Capt. Bouteille's troopers were quickly mounted. Their trailer was Donald McKay, whose grandfather was John Jacob Astor's partner, and his grandmother a princess of Concomly's Chinook tribe.

Away went the troopers just as the westerling sun went behind a cloud which broadened and blackened and soon began to patter down in rapid raindrops.

It was to be a swift pursuit and a sudden striking of the enemy, and so every trooper traveled light, except as to ammunition, which was 150 rounds to the man. And big 50-caliber cartridges they were in those days.

Not a superfluous ounce was carried on the horses; there was no pack train, no impediments; merely a few hardtacks stuck into saddle pockets comprised the commissary; the enemy had food—capture it.

It was dark when the troopers stumbled onto the trail. And how it rained! Every man was soaking wet. Every rock was afloat. The prance had evaporated from the horses, and they stuck close to the trail, tails tucked under. All night they stuck to it, and covered many miles.

A good trailer was Donald McKay, and the footfalls of his trained cayuse told him in the dark the kind of tracks he was stepping in. Where a small party of the hostiles had branched off to the northwest Donald knew their number and guessed their object.

Silently the pursuit continued. Daylight could not be much further away than over the next divide. Suddenly in the darkness just ahead, what was that? The yelp of a coyote? If so, it would soon be followed by a chorus. No. It was the bark of the coyote's close cousin, an Indian dog.

Soon it was followed by another bark, and bang! A bullet zipped past the troopers.

Then came the defiant war whoop, telling that the Indians had put none but Americans on guard that night, and that the warriors were stirring and ready to meet the United States, the great nation with whom they were at war.

Quickly the troopers accommodated them. There were volleys from both sides, a dashing cavalry charge through the camp, a reassembling by bugle call on the other side, and another rush through.

It was blind business in the dark, but the Indians gave shot for shot as they scattered around in the sage brush and posted themselves in ravines.

As daylight came, the troopers closed in on the camp, and what warriors remained in it died defiant.

The camp was a medley of willow-pole wickiups and tule-matting wind-breaks shaped like the modern hats worn by women. When the soldiers got full possession they rather ignored the scattering shots that came from the ravines, for they would rather live the bees that were left than kill them. And they knew that the bulk of the women and papposes had escaped to the ravines. The firing showed that

the hostiles' strength had been reduced. So had the number of troopers, and the wounded horses, unable to respond to the bugle call, neighed pitifully from where they had gone down in the charge.

The wounded were being looked after and their misery eased where that seemed possible, when Donald McKay took the floor, and, in stentorian tones and Snake dialect, told the hostiles they had better cease firing and surrender; otherwise the soldiers would kill the last one of them.

A defiant answer came rolling back and just then an Indian woman holding up a baby rushed toward the soldiers, saying she would surrender to save her child. A shot followed from the gulch she had left, and her own husband became her murderer. He was stalking out to secure the baby when a bullet from McKay's carbine ended his career. This baby boy was afterward raised by a pioneer cattleman named Altnow, and became the most expert vaquero on the great Pine Creek Range.

After a twenty-minute parley the hostiles were given their choice of extermination or surrender, and finally chose the latter. Sulkily they came into camp, what was left of them, thirty warriors with guns, while as many more lay dead and dying around the camp. Dead soldiers were there, too, six of them, and ten wounded. Strapping fellows in the very flower of youth, laid low on that Thanksgiving morning, a sad sacrifice to the cruel war waged in the winning of the West.

A sorry-looking camp it was, but there was meat in it, for the Indians had killed and dried most of Henry Heppner's mules, and they had several sacks of dried crickets and cowse and camas, and a little flour stolen at Antelope. And this was all they had to offer the guests who had intruded on them.

But where Indians can live, soldiers can exist, and the late Thanksgiving breakfast was nearly over when—

"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!"

Those were the words which came from the adjoining sage brush, and quickly Capt. Waters had surrounded the sound and brought in a big gobbler that the Indians had staked out. One of his tail feathers, painted white, caused him to be recognized as a former resident of the Clarno ranch, which nestled under the shadows of the high Cold Camp country. The boy Frank Clarno had painted the feather, and soldiers passing there had noticed it.

That turkey furnished a feast for those forty troopers that Thanksgiving morning. There were no cranberries, but a sage hen was inserted into his interior for flavoring, and he was browned on the embers, and there was a taste for several and a whiff of the fragrance for all. There was one wishbone, which the mule meat had not.—Los Angeles Times.

Turkey Our Proper National Emblem.

By right of American citizenship the turkey should have been our national emblem. It should have been emblazoned upon our twenty-dollar gold pieces in place of the bird of prey now enjoying that distinction. Our forefathers, better imitators than originators, accepted the eagle of the Old World as our ensign at the moment when the American turkey was gobbling his best to promote his own cause.

We Have Just Received

A fresh shipment of Boston Brown Flakes, 2 pak for 25c
McMechen's Old Virginia Table Delicacies.
Aunt Dinah's Old-fashioned Mince Meat, per pound 12½c
Aunt Dinah's Tomato Catsup, per bottle..... 35c
Aunt Dinah's Stuffed Pepper Mangoes, per bottle... 50c
Aunt Dinah's Stuffed Melon Mangoes, per bottle.... 50c
Aunt Dinah's Epicurean Sweet Pickles, per bottle.... 50c
Aunt Dinah's 1-pound jars, assorted fruits, Preserves 25c
Aunt Dinah's 1-pound jars, assorted fruits, Jams.... 25c
Aunt Dinah's Sweet Pickles, per bottle..... 15c
Aunt Dinah's Sour Pickles, per bottle..... 15c
Aunt Dinah's Piccolilli, per bottle..... 15c
Richelieu Orange Marmalade, per bottle..... 25c
Richelieu Apple Butter, 3-pound Jar..... 35c
Dunkley Celery Salad, per bottle..... 35c
Fernell Salad Dressing, per bottle..... 35c
Roes Luca Imported Olive Oil, per bottle..... 50c
And many other good things too numerous to mention.

If you are not already a customer of ours give us a trial and you will be convinced we will save you money on your Grocery bill.

DANSBY & DANSBY. Phone 114

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

H. & T. C. SCHEDULE.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS:
No. 3..... 1:38 p.m.
No. 5..... 12:46 a.m.
SOUTH BOUND TRAINS:
No. 2..... 3:40 p.m.
No. 6..... 2:48 a.m.
I. & G. N. SCHEDULE.
SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.
No. 11 arrives at..... 4:50 p.m.
NORTH BOUND TRAINS.
No. 12 arrives at..... 9:10 a.m.

LOCALS

Miss Grace Bowman is visiting in Waco.

Fresh shipment of candy. Howell Bros. 308

H. C. Robinson left for Galveston yesterday.

Try us this month for groceries. Fountain & Co.

Just received a big line boys' caps at Norwood's. 309

Alex Beard of Clay Station was in the city yesterday.

For Rent—House next to my residence. E. B. Lomax. 313

Fresh shipment cakes and crackers. Howell Bros. 308

Philip Gurgolino of New Orleans is the guest of A. L. Zinanti.

One hundred pencil tablets at Norwood's 4 cents each. 309

Mrs. R. P. Hood and Mrs. R. R. Ellis are visiting in Groesbeck.

Fresh tomatoes, cauliflower and other vegetables. Howell Bros. 308

Mrs. J. S. Mooring returned yesterday, after a visit in Corsicana.

The hunters were out in force yesterday and had a good day's sport.

Ring 111 or 179 this morning for your first December grocery order.

Miss Rachel Levy of Navasota is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Levy.

Read Fountain & Co.'s "blackboard" on second page. Changes daily.

For Rent—4 room house convenient to business. Apply to Mrs. B. P. Higgs. 310

Rails—The best stove wood, delivered \$3.00 per cord. Apply to M. E. Wallace. 310

S. W. Meredith of Chappell Hill was in the city yesterday and called on the Eagle.

A regular 75 cent value ladies' bleach fleece lined vests at Norwood's for 45c. 309



MEN'S TOP COATS

Just the thing for these cool nights and mornings. Not heavy enough to be in the way, but warm enough to be comfortable.

We show these stylish coats in the new tan covert, cut very swag-ger and up-to-date, handsomely trimmed and finished at

\$12.50 and \$15.00

Parks & Waldrop
The Clothiers.

The opera house was filled to the limit yesterday afternoon with an appreciative audience, composed largely of fond and admiring parents, gathered to witness a home talent performance by the dear little folks. The entertainment was styled "Mrs. Buttermilk's Dolls." Scores of children constituted the performers, and Miss Lucy Board impersonated Mrs. Buttermilk, doing her part very well indeed. The little folks did well, some of them performing with remarkable cleverness, and no more agreeable Thanksgiving entertainment could hardly have been conceived than this one proved to be. Mesdames Ed Hall, R. O. Allen, J. M. Lawrence and A. M. Waldrop managed the affair, as a Methodist Home Mission Society benefit.

Walter J. Coulter's \$100,000 sale begins this morning and will continue through December. Mr. Coulter has been working this year to reach the hundred thousand dollar mark in the volume of the year's business. He is still about twelve thousand dollars short of the mark, and has jammed his store with new goods and cut the prices lower than ever. The counters and show cases have been arranged in lines in the center of the store and the goods are right at the salesmen's and the customers' hands. You can find what you want and get it immediately. The page circular he sends out with the Eagle this morning tells the story.

Seventy-five tickets were sold here yesterday morning for the Austin football excursion over the I. & G. N. The college people turned out strong and there were nine coaches well filled.

FATAL RUNAWAY.

Body of J. T. Bufford Found Lying on the Roadside.

Greenfield, Tex., Nov. 30.—J. T. Bufford of this city was killed in a runaway accident three miles west of the Vansickle postoffice.

His body was found lying in the road and from the condition of the wagon and team it was evident the team had become frightened and ran away, throwing Mr. Bufford and inflicting injuries that resulted in death. He had been traveling over the country for a number of years buying poultry. The deceased was a member of the Odd Fellows.

DIVERSION DAM.

Secretary of the Interior Authorizes Expenditure For It.

El Paso, Nov. 30.—A special dispatch from Washington says the secretary of interior has authorized the expenditure of \$200,000 upon the diversion dam near Fort Eldon, as a unit of the Rio Grande or Engle project. The work now authorized will constitute a definite part of the main project. The diversion dam as now authorized at the Leasburg site will give quick relief to 40,000 acres and insure water in the Mesilla valley canals, whenever there is water in the river.

CUT WOMAN'S THROAT.

She Died Instantly and Negro Makes Attempt on Own Life.

Jefferson, Tex., Nov. 30.—A negro man cut a negro woman's throat and stabbed her several times. She died instantly. He then cut his own throat and stabbed himself. He will die.

Bullet Hits Boy.

Denison, Nov. 30.—Sylvester Webster, aged twelve years, is laid up at his home with a bullet from a 22-caliber target rifle in his side as the result of an accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his brother while the two were hunting. The bullet did not penetrate the abdominal cavity.

McDonald Editor.

Terrell, Tex., Nov. 30.—The Masonic Quarterly, the official organ of the colored Masonic lodges of Texas, is being issued in this city. William M. (Goose-neck Bill) McDonald of this city is editor.

Wanted.—Four boys 10 to 15 years old, at my store this morning at 8 o'clock. W. J. Coulter.

Strayed.—One pale red Jersey cow, very old, with brass knobs on horns. J. M. Collier.

Lost.—In Bryan Wednesday some where between public school building, Carnegie library, opera house and Methodist church a lady's plain gold watch with initials M W on one side; was attached to a gold brooch with diamond in center. Handsome reward for return to Eagle office. 110

We have adopted Lord & Taylor's celebrated "onyx" hosiery for ladies and children, every pair sold under a positive guarantee. Your money back if they don't wear, see the pretty embroidered effects on display in our window. Wilson & Edge. 307

Ed M. Sims was called to Clarendon, Texas, by a telegram announcing the death of his sister, Mrs. Chas. A. Burton. Mrs. Burton was 45 years old and leaves a husband and five sons. Mr. Sims has the deep sympathy of many friends in his bereavement.

FOOTBALL RESULTS.

The big Thanksgiving football game between the A. and M. and Varsity was played at Austin yesterday afternoon, and resulted in a score of 17 to 0 in favor of Varsity.

At Corsicana the Allen Academy boys played the Corsicana High School team. The Academy boys won by a score of 17 to 6.

AN INVITATION.

We desire to announce to the public that we have a most complete stock of staple and fancy groceries, selected with especial care, and complete in every detail. We have paid careful attention to buying for the holiday trade and have everything for fruit cakes and holiday cooking. The goods are strictly first-class and the prices moderate. Give us your orders for December. We guarantee to please you. Phones 111 and 179. E. J. Fountain & Co.

THE GROCERS' OFFERINGS

—TO—

Thanksgiving

WILL BE FOUND COMPLETE IN OUR STORE

—LET US FILL YOUR ORDERS

'PHONES 78 AND 54

JNO. M. LAWRENCE

& COMPANY

Nine Leading Brands of

..WHISKEY..

ALL STANDARD BRANDS OF PURITY
YOUR CHOICE AT

FORD'S SALOON

Wilson Whiskey Hill & Hill Atherton bottled in bond
Mount Vernon Paul Jones Hunter Rye
Cascade Four Roses Brook Hill

YOUR PATRONAGE INVITED

W. T. FORD

'PHONE 178

DECEMBER

IS THE MONTH YOU WANT
THE VERY BEST

GROCERIES

We can come as near supplying your wants as any store in town.
We Have Just Received a Full Line of

Telmo Canned Goods

For Quality They Cannot
be Excelled. We have

Mince Meat

In Packages and in Bulk.

Keg Olives. Keg Pickles. Keg Mackerel. Keg
Kraut. Many other Good Things
too numerous to mention

Remember and Phone 142

HIGGS & McCULLOCH

FOR THE BEST



SUITS AND OVERCOATS

One of the True Things about our Clothes is they fit.
If fit has failed you elsewhere, try on here.

OUR \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00 SUITS
ARE UNMATCHABLE

OVERCOATS from \$5.00 to \$25.00 • BOYS' CLOTHING from \$1.50 to \$5.00

If you are in doubt, come in and give them a look;
you need not buy.

WEBB BROTHERS



Needless.
The good fairy called her assistant and showed her a golden box.
"Take this box," she said, "and lock it carefully in the safe. It contains good advice."
"My mistress," replied the assistant, "why should we lock up good advice? No one will ever take it."—Puck.

A Fine Sense of Humor.
The Russian Emperor Ivan IV. once ordered one of his high court officials to procure for him a measure full of fleas, and when the poor man failed, through the friskiness of the insects in jumping out of the measure, had his head cut off and inflicted a fine of 7,000 rubles on the city of Moscow for its share in the failure. On other occasions he would wander away into the country with some boon companions and a few caged bears, and when he came to a peaceful village would let slip the bears and shriek with laughter as the villagers rushed for safety or fell victims to the hungry animals.

W. C. FOUNTAIN
Dentist.

Crown and Bridge work a specialty. Office up-stairs over Burr Norwood's store.

Dr. W. H. LAWRENCE
DENTIST

OFFICE: OVER HASWELL'S BOOK STORE



AND SO DO
MORE THAN HALF A MILLION
OTHER PEOPLE
BECAUSE
IT IS THE BEST.

CHARTER OAK RANGES
CHARTER OAK STOVES

QUALITY HIGH,
PRICE MODERATE.

Complete line of these celebrated Stoves just received and for sale only by
COLE HARDWARE CO.

T. R. Batte & Co
PHONE 250
WE SELL **INSURANCE**
All KINDS
and Buy Life Insurance Policies.

FIRE—Mercantile buildings, fixtures and stocks; public buildings, school houses; country property, dwellings and contents, barns, gins and machinery.

TORNADO—We cover your property with a Tornado policy, if desired.

LIFE—We sell the BEST Policies at low rates.

ACCIDENT—Our Companies issue policies at the same price as others, and give larger benefits. \$1.00 per month buys from \$100 to \$600 death from accident. \$15 to \$60 per month accident indemnity. \$15 to \$40 per month sickness indemnity. \$50 to \$300 for loss of one hand or one foot—all for \$1.00 per month.

LIVE STOCK—We insure the life of your horse, mule, or cow.

COTTON—Special inducements to those holding cotton, in town or on your farm.

WHY?

The reason One Minute Cough Cure relieves a cough in one minute, is because it acts first on the mucous membrane right where the cough troubles—in the throat or deep-seated on the lungs, destroying the microbes or cough germs and clearing the phlegm. One Minute Cough Cure not only destroys the disease germs, and clears out their poison, but it gives strength and elasticity to the delicate membranes which protect the throat and lungs. Opens the air passages and promotes unobstructed breathing. Causes the blood to receive its natural supply of oxygen, thus exhilarating the pulmonary organs with such strength and vigor that the lungs and bronchial tubes become bulwarks against the inception of disease. Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Cold on the Lungs and all Pulmonary Complaints that are curable are quickly cured by the use of

ONE MINUTE COUGH CURE
Prepared by E. O. DeWITT & CO., Chicago.
For Sale by Emmel & Maloney.

BURTON GIVES BOND.

Convicted Senator Will at Once Appeal to the Supreme Court.
St. Louis, Nov. 30.—United States Senator Ralph Burton of Kansas, who was sentenced in the United States circuit court to serve six months in the Iron county jail at Ironton, Mo., and to pay a fine of \$2,500 as the penalty for conviction on the indictment charging that he had acted in the capacity of a paid attorney in behalf of the Rialto Grain and Securities company of St. Louis, before the postoffice department to prevent the issuance of a fraud order, was released on bond in the sum of \$5,000 with R. C. Kerens as surety, of \$5,000 with R. C. Kerens as surety. Execution of sentence was stayed pending appeal.

Senator Burton was found guilty early last Sunday morning on six counts of an indictment, four of which charged that he agreed to receive compensation for his service as an attorney before the postoffice department in behalf of the Rialto Grain company, and two charging that he received such compensation.

Judge Vandeventer imposed sentence of imprisonment on one count in each of these two divisions, making the terms concurrent, and in addition assessed the fine on but one of the counts. As provided in statute 1782, which Senator Burton was convicted of having violated, Judge Vandeventer imposed the additional penalty debaring Senator Burton forever from holding any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States government.

The sentence imposed in the previous trial and conviction of Senator Burton before Judge Adams was six months in the Iron county jail and to pay a fine of \$5,000. On appeal the verdict was reversed by the United States supreme court.

ADVISED TO HOLD.

Armstrong Says Not to Permit Life Insurance Policies Lapse.

New York, Nov. 30.—Senator Armstrong, chairman of the committee appointed by the New York legislature to investigate life insurance, issued a Thanksgiving greeting to policyholders, advising them not to let their policies lapse. The address follows:

"I am asked for a brief message to policyholders on the eve of our adjournment for the month and am glad to make this following statement: 'Do not allow your policies to lapse on account of anything revealed by this investigation.'

"Policyholders are in no worse position than before the investigation began and their position ought to steadily improve as our inquiry proceeds. 'Thel egisla'ion we will recommend will undoubtedly safeguard and strengthen the rights of policy holders but those who suffer the policies to lapse will lose the benefit of what has been done already, as well as what we hope to accomplish.

"No sacrifice now ought to be made by policyholders and patience and courage for a short time, it will not only prevent loss, but enable this committee to render the best service to the greatest number."

Cromwell In Charge.

New York, Nov. 30.—Treasurer Cromwell of the Mutual Life Insurance company will be president temporarily, President McCurdy's resignation having been accepted Wednesday.

OUTST PROCEEDINGS.

They Have Been Filed Against a County Attorney In Kansas.

Topeka, Nov. 30.—C. C. Coleman, attorney general, has filed in the supreme court an amended petition in ouster proceedings against James S. Gibson, county attorney for Wyandotte county. As in original petition, Mr. Coleman specifically charges Gibson with violating his oath of office by permitting "joints" to run with his knowledge and consent.

He alleges Gibson demanded and received \$5 from each "joint" keeper in the county as a bribe. These payments he asserted, made immunity from arrest and prosecution. But in this amended petition the attorney general says even the brewers were taxed \$5 for each saloon owned and operated by them in the county and gamblers allowed to run openly by paying a stipulated sum of money to Gibson quarterly. The amended petition goes much further than the original in that it gives a list of "jointists" whom, it is alleged, paid Mr. Gibson for immunity.

MET AT MONTGOMERY.

Alabama Division of Southern Cotton Association Convenes at Capital.

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 30.—A convention of the Alabama division of the Southern Cotton association was held in Montgomery Wednesday. Harvie Jordan, president of the association, was present and delivered a speech. Pledges were signed for holding 35,000 bales for 15 cents a pound, and a campaign to remove from the market all cotton yet in the hands of the growers was started. Congressman Henry D. Clayton of the Third Alabama district addressed the cotton planters and inveighed against speculation in futures. About 200 representative cotton growers from all parts of the state were present.

Appeal to Be Made.

New York, Nov. 30.—Notice was served by Corporation Counsel Delaney on counsel for W. R. Heart, that an appeal would be made before a "reargument" of Judge Amend's order to open the ballot boxes from five election districts.

Much Jewelry on Party.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 30.—Jewels worth \$3000 to \$4000 were found on an alleged pickpocket by detectives. The prisoner gave the name of "Walter Dixon," and boasted that he was well known to the police of the west. The jewelry was stolen from the home of former Mayor White of Woodstock, Ont.

DESPERATE BATTLE.

Troops and Sailors Fight and a Great Number of Casualties.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 30.—St. Petersburg was Wednesday the scene of a desperate battle between the mutinying sailors and the troops in the forts of shore. During the battle the town and the forts were bombarded by the guns of the cruiser Otchakoff, which lies a burning wreck off Admiralty Point, its hull riddled with shells and its flaunting red ensign of revolution hauled down.

Many of the crew of the Otchakoff were killed or wounded.

According to one report the barracks of the mutineers was carried by storm after the mutinous fleet, which is said to have numbered ten vessels, had surrendered and the whole position is now in the hands of the troops under the command of General Nepleuff.

NOTABLE NUPTIALS.

Son of Oregon's Executive and Louisiana Belle United in Wedlock.

Natchez, Miss., Nov. 30.—Dr. Charles Chamberlain, son of Governor Chamberlain of Oregon, and Miss Deborah Boatner, daughter of Judge J. S. Boatner of Vidalia, La., were married at the Presbyterian church Wednesday night. The wedding was a fashionable event. The bride is nineteen years of age and one of the most beautiful girls in the south.

Settled Out of Court.

Boston, Nov. 30.—A settlement out of court by which Thomas W. Lawson and the firm of Lawson, Weldenfield & Co. turn over \$350,000 to Receiver George Wharton Pepper of the Bay State Gas company of Delaware was confirmed by Judge Lowell of the United States circuit court.

MENTIONED BRIEFLY.

Vice President Carral of Mexico Is Ill.

China will form a third naval squadron.

Gainesville, Tex., bricklayers have organized a union.

Winter visitors are pouring into Brownsville, Tex.

R. J. McKay had an arm badly mangled between cars at Atoka, I. T.

A head on freight collision occurred at Armstrong, I. T. No damage.

Five small boys had a fight at Madisonville, Tex. One was badly cut.

San Antonio commission has removed nineteen policemen and firemen.

Remains of late Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison will be interred at San Mateo, Cal.

Private Albee of the Fifth cavalry died at Fort Brown, near Brownsville, Tex.

A. O. Campbell of Oklahoma City will build courthouse at Enid. His bid was \$30,000.

L. I. Elliott of Dallas celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday by entertaining 100 friends.

Three frame business houses at Cadogan, I. T., were destroyed by fire, involving \$10,000 loss.

Cotton storehouse of Planters' Compress company at Caldwell, Tex., burned. Loss is \$5,000.

Jim Clark died nine miles west of Fort Worth from injuries received in falling off of a mill.

In a quarrel at Shawnee, Okla., Burton Guin, a youth, was perhaps fatally hurt. The other party escaped.

Green Fate, a negro, was given at Sherman, seven years for criminal assault on a little girl of his own race.

A thief snatched a handbag and watch from Mrs. J. C. Moore at Fort Worth while she was walking along a street.

BUBONIC PLAGUE RAGING.

Yokohama Is Said to Be Badly Infected with It.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 30.—Bubonic plague is raging in Yokohama, according to officers of the steamship Dakota, and possibly no more vessels will be given a clean bill of health until the scourge is wiped out. Four deaths had resulted from this disease before the steamer Dakota sailed and many reports of sickness were received. William H. Lopp, surgeon on the steamer, stated that few if any more vessels would be allowed to leave Yokohama.

The Japanese authorities are taking every precaution to prevent the spread of the dread disease, said Dr. Lopp, "but in spite of all they can do many deaths will result. There is little doubt that the city will be quarantined. In fact it is the only way to stamp it out. The Japanese physicians are among the finest in the world. They go into everything thoroughly and take elaborate precautions to prevent the contagion from spreading."

EMPEROR PROTESTS.

Korea's Monarch Urges President Not to Sever Diplomatic Relations.

Paris, Nov. 30.—The Korean minister, Min Veung Tchan, in an interview with the correspondent of the Associated Press as the minister was taking a train for Cherbourg, whence he will sail for the United States to present to President Roosevelt a message from the emperor of Korea asking the United States not to sever diplomatic relations with Korea, said in case his mission was unsuccessful it would mean the end of the Korean government and a Korea nationality.

SHEDS BURNED.

Seventy Five Electric Cars Either Destroyed or Damaged.

City of Mexico, Nov. 30.—Fire destroyed the car sheds of the Indianilla station, adjoining the power plant of the Federal District Electric Street Railway company. Seventy five electric cars were burned or badly damaged. The loss is estimated at \$30,000.

The fire is said to have originated from the gear of one of the cars in the shed. It gained such rapid headway that it was almost impossible for the firemen to successfully combat it.

Nelson's Famous Signal.

It is a fact that Nelson's famous signal to the fleet at Trafalgar was in its original form, "England 'confides' (not 'expects') that every man will do his duty." This is the story as given by Captain Pasco, Nelson's flag lieutenant on the Victory: "His lordship came to me on the poop, and after ordering certain signals to be made about a quarter to noon he said, 'Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty.' And he added, 'You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action.' I replied, 'If your lordship will permit me to substitute 'expects' for 'confides,' the signal will soon be completed, because the word 'expects' is in the vocabulary, whereas 'confides' must be spelled.' His lordship replied in haste and with seeming satisfaction, 'That will do, Pasco; make it directly.' And the famous signal was made.—London Chronicle.

There Was a Limit.

An Irishman one day went into the shop of a barber to get shaved. After being properly seated and the lather about half applied the barber was called to an adjoining room, where he was detained for some time. The barber had in the shop as a pet a monkey, which was continually imitating its master. As soon as the latter left the room the monkey grabbed the brush and proceeded to finish lathering the Irishman's face. After doing this he took a razor from its case and stropped it and then turned to the Irishman to shave him.

"Stop that!" said Pat. "Ye can tuck the towel in me neck and put the soap on me face, but, begorrah, yer father's got to shave me!"

What the Teacher Must Do.

Knowledge is good, but wisdom is better. The college valedictorian, trained to take knowledge in rather than to impart it, may have much of it with but little wisdom. He may be able, as a teacher, to drill boys and girls in Greek and Latin declensions and cram them with facts, useful or valueless, but if he cannot produce in them what Spencer calls "pleasurable excitement" and interest he is a failure. His would be the sort of teaching that harps upon obedience and discipline and endeavors by force of rule and rod to oblige the pupil to study and learn. The will cannot be forced, but the real teacher knows well that it can be led. He remembers the remark of Rousseau that "the teacher's province is less to instruct than to guide;" that "he must not lay down precepts, but teach his pupils to discover them." This was the way of that great teacher, Agassiz, certainly.—Arthur Gilman in Atlantic.

The Small Mouthed Bass.

The small mouthed bass fully deserves his reputation for being vigorous and gamy from infancy. He is extremely pugnacious by nature and has fighting tactics peculiarly his own which for strength, activity and craft are unequalled. I once took a bass four inches long on a spoon hook, the bowl of which was more than two inches long. This bass does not hesitate to tackle that terror of all other fish—the fierce and voracious pickerel. With his first dorsal fin rigidly set up, he lays off some ten or twenty feet and then makes a rapid dash right into and under the "long face," forcing him to clear out at once or ripping him so badly that he is hors de combat. The fact has been established that bass introduced into a pond containing pickerel will ultimately destroy the latter. The same fate awaits other fish, including trout.—Outing.

TEXAS BOY HAZED.

He Is Said to Have Been Subjected to Outrageous Treatment.

San Angelo, Tex., Oct. 3.—Frank, the seventeen-year-old son of T. P. Bell, of this city, is in a serious condition in the hospital of Columbia university, at Columbia, Mo. He has been unconscious for several days from the effects of hazing by older students. The boy's father received a telegram that his son was very ill with high fever and to come at once. Mrs. Bell has received a telegram here from her husband, stating that hazing was the cause of the boy's illness. The boy has recognized his father and asked, "Where's mamma?" and went back into delirium. The enraged father, a capitalist of this city, is determined to find the boys who hazed his son, and will do his utmost to have them severely punished by law. The school faculty is aiding Mr. Bell. The boy's mother is heartbroken over the affair. The nature of the boy's injuries is not known here, but the hazing must have been extremely severe, as the boy is a big, stout fellow. The affair is causing much criticism here, as Frank is popular.

WAS SUCCESSFUL.

Superintendent Worsham Is Operated on For Appendicitis.

Austin, Oct. 3.—Governor Lanham received a telegram from Mrs. B. M. Worsham at New York stating that her husband, superintendent of the state insane asylum at Austin, had been successfully operated on for appendicitis.

Rumors were current here Tuesday that Monk Gibson was in jail at Edna and that the fact was being concealed to keep a mob from getting him. The adjutant general shipped a quantity of arms and ammunition to Edna for use of troops if required.

Trustees of deaf and dumb institute set Wednesday, Oct. 4, as the date for them to meet here and elect a successor to Superintendent McNulty, whose resignation was handed to the governor some days ago.

Oil Mill Burns.

Bartlett, Tex., Oct. 3.—The oil mill at this place was destroyed by fire at an early hour Tuesday morning.

The President of the United States

Proclaims that Thursday, the 30th day of November shall be set aside as a day of

THANKSGIVING

Put a little sunshine in your home and make the festive occasion brilliant with cheerfulness and beauty.

Heath & Milligan Paints

ARE SOLD BY

GARTH, HOWELL & WEBB



Holiday Rates

—VIA—
H. & T. C. R. R.

TO POINTS IN

MISSISSIPPI	INDIAN	IOWA
ALABAMA	OKLAHOMA	NEBRASKA
GEORGIA	TERRITORIES	MINNESOTA
FLORIDA	ARKANSAS	MICHIGAN
TENNESSEE	MISSOURI	WISCONSIN
S. CAROLINA	KANSAS	ILLINOIS
N. CAROLINA	NORTH AND	COLORADO
KENTUCKY	S. DAKOTA	WYOMING

RATE
ONE and ONE-THIRD FARES

DATES OF SALE
DECEMBER 21-22-23, 1905

FINAL LIMIT, Thirty Days from Date of Sale

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